

A
Choice Collection
OF

120 Loyal Songs,

All of them written since the

Two late PLOTS,

(VIZ.)

The Horrid *Salamanca* Plot in 1678.

AND THE

Fanatical Conspiracy in 1683.

Intermixt with some New Love SONGS

With a Table to find every Song

To which is added,

An *Anagram*, and an *Accrostick*

ON THE

Salamanca DOCTOR.

L O N D O N,

Printed by N. T. at the entrance into the
Old Spring Garden near Charing Cross. 1684.

Choice Collection

120 Loyal Songs

All of them written since the

Two late plots



To the Reader.

Amongst the several means that have been of late years to reduce the deluded Multitude to their just Allegiance, this of BALLADS and LOYAL SONGS has not been of the least influence. While the Fergusons, and Heads of the Factions were blowing up Sedition in every corner of the Countrey, these flying Choristers were asserting the Rights of Monarchy, and proclaiming Loyalty in every street. The mis-inform'd Rabble began to listen; they began to hear to Truth in a SONG, in time found their Errors, and were charm'd into Obedience. Those that despise the Reverend Prelate in the Pulpit, and the Grave Judge on the Bench; that will neither submit to the Laws of God or Man, will yet lend an itching Ear to a New

The Preface.

SONG, may, and often become a Convert by It, when all other means prove ineffectual. Divine Herbert has it excellently exprest, where he says,

*A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

It cannot be imagin'd how many scatter'd Flocks this melodious Tinging hath reduced to their Princely Hives, who otherwise had never been brought under the Discipline of Obedience or Government.

And, without ostentation, I may say, I printed my News-Papers (that always vindicated the King and Government) to undeceive the People, who were daily impos'd upon by Curtis, Smith, Harris, Care, Vile, Baldwin, Janeway, &c. when nobody else would or durst. For This the malice of the Factionous Party swell'd so high against me, that They,

with

The Preface.

with the assistance of a certain Instrument, (who swore through two Brick-walls before Oates appear'd) caus'd me to be imprison'd six times, so that for near five years I was never free from Trouble, having seldom less than 3, or 4 Indictments at a Sessions against Me; at other times Information upon Information in the Crowe-Office, which villainous contrivances of their Agents, cost Me at least 500 l. in Money, besides the loss of My Trade and Reputation; The principal Crimes they alledged against Me, were, Let Oliver now be forgotten, a Song; A Hue and Cry after T. O. when turn'd from White-Hall; The Character of an Ignoramus Doctor; A Dialogue between the Devil and the Doctor; The Prisoners Lamentation for the loss of Sheriff Bethel; And at last for Oates's Manifesto; All which Phamphlets tended to no other evil than the laying open the

The Preface.

*Villanies of Oates and the rest of
his Perjur'd Disciples : But (thanks
be to God) Tempora mutantur, &c.
and Truth daily shines more & more.*

*These Collections (being of so much
use to detect the Scandalous Lies and
Falshoods of the Factious, and to
keep the strong-headed Beast within
the Reins of Obedience) I thought fit
to publish, that the World may see I
have not been idle in the worst of
times, but have done my endeavour
(to the utmost of my Talent) for the
Interest of the KING and Govern-
ment; which, That they may flou-
rish in spite of all his Adversaries,
is the hearty prayer of*

Your most Humble Servant,

N. T.

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A Collection of New Loyal

SONGS,

Made since the beginning of the

PLOT.

The Tune, *How Unhappy is Phillis in Love*

Let Oliver now be forgotten,
His Policy's quite out of Dore;

Let Bradshaw and Henson lie rotten,
Like Sons of Phanatical Whores;

For Tony's grown a Patrician,
By Voting damn'd Sedition,

For many years, in the
Fam'd Politician,

The Mouth of all *Presbyter* Peers,

Old Tony a Turn-coat at *Werster*,

Yet swore he'd maintain the King's Right;

But Tony did Swagger and Bluster,

Yet never drew Sword on his side;

For Tony is like an old Stallion,

He has still the Pox of Rebellion,

And never was found;

Like the *Camelion*,

Still changing his Shape and His Ground.

Old

Old Rowley's return'd (Heavens bless Him)
 From Exile and Danger set free;
 Old *Tony* made hast to Address him,
 And swore none more Loyal than he
 The King, who knew him a Traytor,
 And saw him squint like a Satyr;
 Yet through his Grace
 Pardon'd the Matter,
 And gave him since the *Parle* and the *Marr*.

And now little Chancellour *Tony*,
 With Honour had Feather'd his Wing,
 And carefully pick'd up the Money,
 But never a Groat for the King:
 But *Tony's* Luck was confounded;
 The Duke who smok'd him a *Road-bud*;
 From Head to Heel
Tony was sound'd,
 Great *Tony* soon put a spoke in his Wheel.

But now little *Tony* in Passion,
 Like Boy that had nett'd his Breech,
 Maliciously took an occasion,
 To make a most delicate Speech;
 He told the King like a Croney,
 If e're he hop'd to have Money,
 He must be Kul'd:
 Oh fine *Tony*!
 Was ever Potent Monarch so school'd?

The King issues out a Proclamation,
 By Learned and Loyal Advice;
 But *Tony* possesses the Nation
 The Council will never be wise: For

(3)

For *Tony* is madder and madder,
And *Monmouth's* blown like a Bladder,
And *L——* too,
Who grows gladder,
That they Great *York* are like to subdue.

7.
But Destiny shortly will cross it,
For *Tony's* grown Gouty and Sick,
In spite of his Spiggot and Fawces
The States-man must go to Old Nick;
For *Tony* rails at the *Papists*,
Yet he himself is an *Atheist*;
Though so precise,
Foolish and Apish,
Like holy *Rack* or *Press* in Disguise.

8.
But now let this Rump of the Law say,
A Maxim as Learned in part;
Who e're with his Prince is too *sway*,
'Tis fear'd he's a Traitor in's heart,
Then *Tony* cease to be witty,
By buzzing Treason i' th' City;
And love the King,
So ends my Dirty,
Or else let him die like a Dog in a String.

*The Whigs Exaltation, a Pleasant New
Song, to an Old Tune of Forty One*

1.
NOW, now the *Tories* all shall Boop,
Religion and the Laws,
And *Whigs* on *Commonwealth* get up
To rap the Good Old Cause;
A 2 *Tories*

(4)

Tantivy-Boys shall all go down,
And Haughry Monarchy,
The Leatbern-Cap shall brave the Throne;
Then Hey Boys up go we.

2.
When once that Antichristian Crew
Are crush'd, and overthrown,
We'll teach the Nobles how to bow,
And keep their Gentry down,
Good manners has a bad repote,
And tends to Pride we see;
We'll therefore cry all Breeding down
And Hey Boys up go we.

3.
The Name of Lord shall be abhor'd,
For ev'ry mans a Brother;
What Reason's then in Church or State
One man should Rule another?
Thus hating Peel'd and Plunder'd all,
And level'd each Degree,
We'll make their plump young Daughters tall,
And Hey Boys up go we.

4.
What though the KING and Parliament
Cannot accord together,
We have good Cause to be content,
This is our Sun since weather said W
For if good Reason should take place,
And they should both agree,
D'zounds who wou'd be in a Round-heads case?
For Hey then up go we.

5.
We'll down with all the Versities
Where Learning is profest:

For

(5)

For they fill Practice, and Maintain
The Language of the Beast ;
We'll Exercise in every Grove,
And Preach beneath a Tree ;
We'll make a Pulpit of a Tub,
Then Hey Boys up go we.

6.

The Whigs shall Rule Committee-Chair,
Who will such Laws invent,
As shall Exclude the Lawful Heir
By Act of Parliament :
We'll cut His Royal Highness down,
Ev'n shorter by the Knee,
That He shall never reach the Throne,
Then Hey Boys up go we.

7.

We'll Smite the Idol in Guild-Hall,
And then (as we were wont,)
We'll cry it was a Popish Plot,
And swear those Rogues have don't ;
His Royal Highness to Un-throne
Our Interest will be,
For if Hee're Enjoy His own,
Then Hey Boys up go we.

8.

We'll break the Windows which the Whore
Of Babylon has Painted ;
And when their Bishops are pull'd down,
Our Elders shall be Sainted :
Thus having quite Enslav'd the Throne,
Pretending to set free,
At length the Gallows claims its own,
Then Hey Boys up go we.

*An Excellent New Hymn, Exalting
the Mobile to Loyalty, &c. To the
Tune of Forty One.*

1.
Let Us advance the Good Old Cause ;
Fear not Jantivitiars,
Whose Threatnings are as Senseless, as
Our Jealousies and Fears ;
'Tis We must perfect this great work,
And all the Tories slay,
And make the King a Glorious Saint
The clean contrary way.

2.
It is for Liberty we Plot,
And for the Publick Good,
By making Bishops go to pot,
And shedding Guiltless Blood ;
We'l Damn the Orthodoxal Beast,
And their Adherents slay ;
When these are down, we shall be blest
The clean contrary way.

3.
When We the King have Bankrupt lain,
Of Power and Crown bereft Him,
And all his Loyal Subjects slain,
And none but Rebels left him ;
When we have quite undone the Land,
By Ignoramus way
We'l settle the Succession, and
The clean contrary way.

4.
'Tis to preserve His Majesty,
That we against him rise, The

(7)

The Righteous Cause can never die
That's manag'd by the Wise,
Th' Association's a just thing,
And that does seem to say,
Who fights for us, fights for the King
The clean contrary way.

Religion still must be th' intent,
The Nations Peace and Good,
The Priviledge of Parliament
So rarely Understood;
We'll pull the Laws and Reason down,
And teach men to obey
Their Sovereign, and the Rights o' th' Crown
The clean contrary way.

Our Properties we'll upwards set,
By Imprisonment and Plunder,
And Needy Whigs Preferment get,
To keep all Tories under:
We'll keep in Pension Oates and France,
To Swear and to Betray
The Int'rest of the King, & Advance
The clean contrary way.

What tho' the King be now misled
By the Old Popish Crew?
He'll find our Honesty has sped,
And give us all our due:
For we (he knows) do Rail and Plot,
Rebellion to Obey,
And that we stand for Peace and Truth
The clean contrary way.

And

And now my Noble Countrey-men
 You cannot doubt my Zeal,
 That we have so true and Loyal been
 To King and Commonwealth;
 And if at last we chance to Hang
 For what we do or say;
 Our comfort is, to Heav'n we Gang
 The clean contrary way.

*A Song on His Royal Highness's return
 from Scotland. To the Tune of, Hey
 Boys up go we.*

NOW, now the Zealots all must droop,
 The Synagogues shall down,
 And Truth and Loyalty get up,
 The Pillars of the Throne;
 The Whigs (who Loyalty forsook)
 Shall with one Voice agree,
 To welcom home the mighty Duke
 of York and Albany.

Behold with what a Glorious Train
 Of Noble Lords and Peers,
 Great York is Guarded o're the Main,
 In spight of all our Fears;
 Our Groundless Doubts and Jealousies
 Of Popish Slavery.
 For who can keep the Crowd in Peace,
 But York and Albany.

3.

The *Wandering Dove* that was sent forth
 To find some Landing near,
 When *Englands Ark* was toss'd on Floods
 Of *Jealousies* and *Fears*;
 Returns with *Olive Branch* of Joy,
 To set the Nation free
 From *Whiggish Rage*, that wou'd destroy
Great York and Albany.

4.

And now He is return'd in Peace,
 With all His *Pompous Train*,
 Whom Heav'n protected o're the Seas,
 To bless this Land again?
 Let us with thankful Hearts comply,
 And Joyful Harmony;
 For *Scottlands Hope*, and *Englands Joy*,
 Is *York and Albany*.

5.

Let *Bumpers* flow, and *Bonfires* blaze,
 And every *Steeple Ring*,
 To set forth *Royal Jemmy's Praise*,
 The *Brother* of our King:
 Let *Trumpets* sound, and *Cannons* roar,
 And with one voice agree,
 Since Heav'n again has brought ashore
Great York and Albany.

6.

These solemn Rights they freely gave
 To ev'ry *Faction's Brother*;
 Who thought the Nation to Enslave,
 And ruine one another
 To *Monmouth*, and each *Faction's Land*,
 To *Oates* and *Shaftsbury*;

But

But thought it Treason to afford
To York and Albany.

Now be confounded, all you Tribe

Of Ignoramus-ſway ;

Who by *Malicious Plots* contriv'd

To drive the Heir away,

(As you did once before to *France*)

An Exile o're the Sea ;

Who (to your grief) did home advance

Great York and Albany.

And may He, with the Joys He wels,

Together flourish still ;

And live to crush the Serpents head,

Whose Sting did pierce his heel,

Till *Rebels* tremble at his Name,

And all the Land agree,

The juſt Succeſſion to Proclaim

of York and Albany.

The Riddle of the Roundhead. To the

Tune, Now at laſt the Riddle is

Expounded.

Now at laſt the Riddle is Expounded,
Which ſo long the Nation has confeſs'd
For the Roundhead [ded,

Begin the Game again,

Which ſo well they play'd in Forty four,

Now with greater hope ;

For the fine Sham-plots will ne'r give over,

Till they paſſibly have roaſted King and Pope.

Antony

2.

Anthony that worm of Reformation,
 Who of *Commonwealth* has laid Foundation,
 Which the Nation
 So hotly does pursue;
 Let him be rewarded in the *Tower*,
 For his Merits due:

By that basie Plotting head laid lower,
 We may perhaps escape what might ensue.

3.

Perkins make fine legs to the shouting Rabble,
 Who to make him King he thinks are able;
 But the Bauble
 Is only shew'd for use:

The silly Idiot serves but for a Tool still,
 For Knaves to work their Feats,
 And will remain but a dull mistaken Fool still,
 For all their damn'd Cabals & Vapping Treats.

4.

The most zealous Parliament devoted,
 For the Publick good devoutly voted,
 Pray note it,
 That the Duke must ne'er be King;
 And like honest faithfull loyal Subjects,
 His Majesty implore,

To sign their Pious and Religious Projects,
 Or else the threatn'd King must reign no more.

5.

The renowned work of Reformation,
 To be carry'd on throughout the Nation,
 In a Passion

They Vote the Canons down:
 Acts and Statutes all must be confounded,
 Law and Justice too,

To

To make way for the proud *rebellious roundhead*
That they once more the Nation may undo.

6.

Lords and Bishops both are useless Voted,
And the factious crew who gravely Plotted,
Are noted

For Lords and Commons too,
Whigs and *Birmingham* with *Shams* and *stories*,
Are *True Protestants*,
And *Protestants* are *Masquerades* and *Torles*,
The Modern Reformation of the Saints.

7.

Old Queen *Bess* that made the best *Indentures*,
Good King *Jemmy* too against *Dissenters*,

He ventures

To turn them out of doors;
To take in *Quakers* *Puritans* and *Ranters*,
The Parliament implores,
To build a Kirk of *Whigs* and *Covenanters*,
And make a Lawful Race of Sons of Whores.

8.

Rowley now with Wisdom and grave Reason,
To prevent this with approaching Treason,
In season

Put a period to their strife;
In *Oxford* all their stratagems confounded,
The Roguish *Joyner* too;
And may no better Fate attend the *Roundhead*,
That wou'd the Church and Monarchy subvert.

Oxford Loyal Youths who scorn to sham us,
With a perjur'd Bill of *Ignoramus*,

Or name us

For Loyal, Traytors known;

Soon

Spoon found a flaw i'th bottom of the *Joyner*,
 By Justice and the Laws, (miner,
 Of Church and Commonwealth an Under-
 Who fell a Martyr in the *Good Old Cause*.

Now for shame ye Zealots be confounded,
 Boast no more Allegiance, since a Roundhead
 Is grounded
 Upon the Holy Sham:

How dare ye talk of Loyalty, a Hater
 Of Justice, King and Laws, (for,
 Since the *Whiggish* Protestant is found a Tray-
 And dies a Martyr in the *Good Old Cause*.

Ignoramus: An Excellent Song To
 the Tune of, *Lay by your Pleading*

Since Reformation
 With *Whig's* in Fashion,
 There's neither Equity nor Justice in the Na-
 Against their Furies, (tion,
 There no such Cure is,
 As lately hath been wrought by *Ignoramus*-Fu-
 Compaction of Faction, (ries,
 That breeds all Distraction,
 Is at the Zenith Point, but will not bear an
 They sham us, and sham us, (Action.
 And ram us, and damn us,
 And then in spite of Law, come off with *Ignoramus*.

Oh, how they Plotted,
 Brims hams Voted
 B And

And all the *Mobile* the Holy Cause promoted;
 They preach'd up Treason,
 At ev'ry season, Reason,
 And taught the Multitude Rebellion was but
 With Breaches, Impeaches,
 And most Loyal Speeches,
 With Royal Blood again to glut the thirsty
They sham us and sham us, &c. (Leeches.

3
 'Tis such a *Jury*
 Wou'd pass no *Tory*,
 Were he as Innocent as a Saint in Glory :
 But let a Brother
 Ravish his Mother,
 Assassinate his King, he wou'd find no other.
 They shamed, and blamed,
 At Loyallists aimed ;
 But when a *Whig's* repriev'd the Town with
They sham us and sham us, &c. (Beacons flamed

4
 This *Ignoramus*
 With which they sham us,
 Wou'd find against a *Tory*, to raise a *M---ib*.
 Who clears a Traytor ; (amus
 And a King Hater (ent matter
 Against his Lawful Prince wou'd find suffi-
 They fought it, and wrought it,
 Like Rebels they fought it,
 And with the price of Royal Martyrs blood
They sham us, and sham us, &c. (they bought it,

5
 At the *Old-Baily*,
 Where Rogues flock daily, (Staley
 A greater Traytor far then *Coleman*, *White* or
Vvas

Was late Indicted,
 Witnesſes cited,
 But then he was ſet free ; ſo the King was
 'Gainſt Princes, Offences (righted
 Prov'd in all ſenſes ;
 But 'gainſt a *Waig* there's no Truth in Evi-
 They ſham us, and ſlam us, &c. (dences

6

But wot you what, Sir ?
 They found it not, Sir ;
 'Twas ev'ry Jurors Caſe, and there lay all the
 For at this ſeaſon, (Plor, Sir.
 Shou'd they do reaſon,
 Which of themſelves wou'd ſcape, if they
 Compaſſion in faſhion, (found it *Treaſon* ?
 The Int'reſt of th' Nation
 Oh, what a Godly point is ſelf-preservation !
 They ſham us, and ſlam us, &c.

7

'Las what is Conſcience
 In *Baxter's* own ſenſe.
 When Int'reſt lies at ſtake, an Oath and Law
 Now they will banter (is Nonſenſe.
Quaker and *Ranter*,
 To find a Loyalliſt, and clear a Covenanter.
 They'l wrangle and brangle,
 The Soul inangle, (angle.
 To ſave the Traytors Neck from the old Tri-
 They ſlam us, and ſham us, &c.

8

Alas ! for pittty
 Of this good City,
 What will the *Tories* ſay in their drunken Dirty ?
 When all Abertors,

B. 2.

And

And Monarch-baters, (licious Traytors
 The Brethren damn'd their Souls to save Ma-
 But mind it, long winded,
 With prejudice blinded,
 Left whar they did reject, another Jury find it
 Then sham us, and sham us;
 And ram us, and damn us;
 When against King and Law you find an Ignoramus

London's Loyalty, To a Pleasant New
 Tune, Call'd Burton-Hall

Rowze up Great Genius,
 Of this Potent Land,
 Left Traytors once more
 Get the upper hand;
 The Rebel Crowd their
 Former Tenents own,
 And Treason worse than Plagues
 Infect the Town:
 The Sneaking Mayor
 And his two Pimping Shreeves,
 Who for their honesty
 No better are then Theeves;
 Fall from their Sov'raigns side,
 To Court the Mobile,
 Oh! London, London,
 Where's thy Loyalty?

First, Yorkshire Patience
 Twirls his Copper Chain;
 And hopes to see a
 Commonwealth again;
 The Sneaking Fool

Of breaking is affraid;
 Dares not change his side
 For fear he lose his Trade;
 Then Loyal *Slingsby*
 Does *their Fate Divine*--
 He that Abjur'd the King,
 And all his Sacred Line,
 And is suppos'd His Fathers
 Murderer to be;
 Oh! *Bethel, Bethel,*
 Where's thy Loyalty?

3

A most *Notorious Villain*
 Late was caught,
 And after to the Bar
 Of Justice brought;
 But *Slingsby* pack'd a Jury
 Of his own,
 Of worse Rogues than e're
 Made Gallies groan;
 Then *Dugdale's Evidence*
 was soon decry'd,
 That was so just, and honest
 When Old *Stafford* dy'd:
 Now was a perjur'd Villain,
 And he ly'd.
 Oh! Justice, Justice,
 Where's thy Equity?

4

Now *Clinton*, murmures
 Treason, unprovok'd,
 First sup'd the King, and after
 With'd him choak't,
 Cause *Danby's Place* was

B. 3

Well!

Well bestow'd before,
 He Rebel turns, seduc'd
 By Scarlet Whore;
 His sawcy Pride aspires
 To High Renown,
 Leather Breeches are forgot
 In which he trudg'd to Town,
 Nought but the Treasury
 Can please the scribbling Clown.
 Oh! Robin, Robin,
 Where's thy Modesty

Pl...er now grows dull,
 And pines for want of Whore;
 Poor *Cresnel*, she can take
 His word no more,
 Three Hundred Pounds,
 Is such a heavy yolk,
 Which not being pay'd,
 The worn out Bawd is broke;
 These are the Instruments
 By Heaven sent,
 These are the Saints Petition
 For a Parliament:
 That would for Interest sake,
 Destroy the Monarchy:
 Oh! London, London,
 Where's thy Loyalty

Heaven Bless Fair England,
 And it's Monarch here,
 In Scotland, Bless your
 High Commissioner,
 Let *Perkin* his ungracious

Esor see

And

And Teny scape no more
 The Triple Tree:
 Then Peace and plenty
 Shall our joyes restore,
 Villains and Factions
 Shall oppreis the Town no more,
 But every Loyal Subject
 Then shall happy be,
 Nor need we care
 For Londons Loyalty.

The Loyal Health. *A Court Song*
to a Delicate new Tune.

Since Plotting's a Trade,
 Like the rest of the Nation:
 Let 'em Lie and Swear on,
 To keep up the Vocation;
 Let Tinkers and Weavers,
 And Joyners agree,
 To find work for the Cooper,
 They'l have none of me,
 Let Politick Shams
 In the States men abound,
 While we quaff off our Bumpers,
 And set the Glafs round:
 The jolly true Toper's
 The best Subject still,
 Who drinks off his Liquor,
 And thinks no more ill.

2.

Then let us stand to't,
 And like honest Men fall;
 Who love King and Country,
 Duke, Dutchess and all;
 Not such as wou'd blow up
 The Nation by stealth,
 And out of the flame
 Raise a new Commonwealth:
 Not such, who against Church
 And Bishops do rage,
 To advance old Jack Presbyter,
 on the new Stage.
 But to all honest Tories
 Who'l fight for their King,
 And to Crown the brave work,
 With the Court wee'l begin.

3.

Here's a Health to the King,
 And his Lawful Successors
 To honest *Tantivies*,
 And *Loyal Addressors*;
 But a pox take all those,
 That promoted *Petitions*.
 To Poyson the Nation,
 And stir up *Seditions*;
 Here's a Health to the Queen,
 And her Ladies of Honour,
 And a pox take all those,
 that put Sham plots upon her.
 Here's a Health to the Duke,
 And the Senate of *Scotland*,
 And to all honest Men,
 That from *Bishops* ne're got Land.

4. Here's

Here's a Health to *Lechrange*,
 And the good *Heraclitus*;
 And true *Tory Thompson*,
 Who never did fligh us,
 And forgetting *Broom*, *Paulin*,
 And Alderman *Wright*,
 With *Tony* and *Bethel*,
Ignoramus and *Titus*;
 Here's a Health to the Church,
 And all those that are for it,
 Confusion to Zealors,
 And *Whigs* that abhor it,
 May it ever be safe,
 From the new *mode Refiners*,
 And may Justice be done
 Upon *Coopers* and *Joiners*.

Here's a Health to old *Hall*,
 Who our joys did restore;
 And a pox take each Popular
 Son of a Whore
 To the *Spaniard* and *Dane*,
 The brave *Russian* and *Moor*,
 Who come from far Nations,
 Our King to adore,
 To all that do Worship,
 The God of the Vine,
 And to old Jolly *Bowman*,
 Who draws us good Wine,
 And as for all Traytors,
 Whether *Baptist* or *Whig*,
 May they all trot to *Taburn*,
 To dance the old Jig.

Here's a Health to all those,
 Who Love the King and his Laws,
 And may they near Pledge it
 That Broach'd the *Old Cause*
 Here's a Health to the State,
 And a Plague on the Pack
 Of *Commonwealth* Canters
 And *Presbyter* Jack;
 To the uppermost pendent
 That ever did play
 On the highest Top-gallant
 Oth' Sovereign o'th' Sea;
 And he that denies
 To the Standard to lore,
 May he sink in the Ocean,
 And never Drink more.

The Loyal Scot ; an Excellent New
 Song, To a New Scotch Tune.

1.
BRed of Gued ! I think the Nation's mad
 And nene but Knaves and perjur'd Loos
 do rule the Rost ;
 And for an honest Kerl ne living's to be had
 Why sure the Deel is landed on the *Engl*
 Coast.
 I ha'ne'r been here sin' *Forty Three*,
 And now thro' *Scotland* gang, w'l see o'
 Gracious KING ;
 But wunds a Gued ! instead of Mirth and
 Mery-gee,
 I find and sniv'ling *Presbyter* is coming in.

For they talk of horrid *Papish Plots*, and
 Heav'n knows what,
 When as the wiser World knows well what
 they'd be at;
 For with like like seeming Sanctity the gentle-
 est KING
 They did to Death and Ruine bring.

When on the Civil-broils they first did enter
 in,
 (As well ye ken) with *Papery* they did begin:
 And with *Liberty* and *Publick Good* was muckle
 din,
 When the Deel a bit they meant the Thing.

That Machine of monstrous Policy,
 He mean old *Shaftsbury* for Loyalty so turn'd
 The voice of all the *Gentle Rabble Mobile*,
 The falsest Loon that ever Envy destin'd
 Damn'd

Heav'n sure never meant so fou a thing,
 But to inform the world where Villany did
 dwell:
 And like a Traytor beath to *Commonwealth* and
 KING
 The muckle Deel did surely never hatch in
 Hell.

For, like *Roman Cataline*, to gain his Pious
 Ends,
 He pimps for an the loole *Rebellious Fops*
 in Toon:

And

And with Treats and Treason daily cram
 his City Friends,
 From the Link-man to the Scarlet-Gown.

And with high Debauchery they carry on the
 CAUSE,

And Guedly Reformation is the Sham pretence
 And Religiously defie Divine and Humane
 Laws,

With Obedience to their Rightful Prince.

5.

Then, as SPEAKER, to this Grand Cabal,
 Old Envy Tany, seated at the head o' th' Board,
 His learn'd Oration for Rebellion makes to

All
 Applauded and approv'd by ev'ry Faction's
 LORD

Cully JEMMY then they vote for KING
 Whom Curse confound for being like a sense-
 less Loon

Can they who did their Lawful Lord to th'
 Scaffold bring

Be just to Him, that has no Title to a Croon?

6.

But they find he's a Blockhead fitting for
 their Use,

A FOOL by Nature, and a KNAVE by Cu-
 stom grown.

A Gay Pop-Monarch, that the Rabble may abuse
 And, their bus'ness done, will soon an throne.

And Jemmy swears and vows, 'gan he can get
 ag the Croon,

He by

He by the Laws of *Forty Ene* will guided be :
 And *Prophane Lawn-sleeves* and *Surplices* a-
 gain must doon,
 Then hey for auld *PRESBYTERT*.

7.

B. -----m a *States-man* would be thought,
 And reason geud that he should bear that
 rev'rend Name,
 Since he was ene of them that first began the
 PLOT,
 How he the *King* might Banter, and *three*
Kingdoms Sham,

An the *Male-Contents* His Noble Grace
 To this *Rehearsal* did invite, to hear and see :
 But, whilst He wittily contriv'd it but a *Farce*,
 The busier Noddles turn'd it into *Tragedy*.

8.

And now each *Actor* does begin to play his
 part,

And too so well he cons his Gear, and
 takes his Cue,

Till they learn to play the Rebel so by rote
 of heart,

That the *fictionous* Story seems most True.

(and hang

And now, without controll, they apprehend
 And with the Nation an is Gospel that they
 swear :

Then, bonny *Jeckey*, prithee back to'l *Scolland*
 gang,

For a *Loyal Lad's* in danger here.

C

The

The State Empirick, a New Song. To
the Tune of, *Which nobody can deny.*

1.

FROM over the Seas not long 'since there
came,
A Doctor of most Notorious Fame,
If you please you may guess at his *un-Christian*
name. *which nobody can deny.*

2.

This Doctor came hither to cure three Na-
tions.
Who were so silly as to be his Patients;
And first he *Blooded* 'em for the *Fashions.*
Which nobody can deny.

3.

The Med'cine he brought was called a *PLOT*,
Which was Compounded of the Devil know
what :

When first he Arriv'd it was Piping-Hot.
Which, &c.

4.

But if we may guess at the Damn'd Composition,
'Twas a mess of all sorts of English Seditious,
Made up by a *Presbyterian Physician.*
Which, &c.

5.

To make each Dose go down the safer,
What do's me still this Learned Gaffer,
But cover it o'r with a *Papist's Wafer.*
Which, &c.

6.

As soon as 'twas Swallow'd, the Patient began
To Stare and to Talk like a *Lunatick Man,*

Of Pistols and Daggers, to Kill and Trapan.
Which, &c.

7.
To some 'twas *Emetick*, to others *Cathartick*,
(I mean, to all those who of it did partake,)
In short, it made every Honest Mans heart-ake.
Which, &c.

8.
To say truth we were all in a filthy Condition
This voided a *Libel*, that Spew'd a *Petition*,
For which we may thank in part our *Physician*.
Which, &c.

9.
At last it made our Bloud so ferment,
That a *Rancorous Sore* from Men's Body's was
sent:
The *Ulcer*, I mean, of a *strange Parliament*.
Which, &c.

10.
It's *Venom* upon each *Member* was shed;
The Body it almost had over-spread,
Nay, it had e'en like to have seiz'd on the
Head.
Which, &c.

11.
But one wiser then all, did giv'r such a *Thump*,
That it burst and went out, just next to the
Rump.
Which made with Joy ev'ry *Loyal Heart Jump*.
Which, &c.

12.
This *Ulcer* was full of *Pistol* and *Sword*,
With *Blunderbuzs* and with your things made
of *Board*,
Your *Protestant Flays* to Fight for the *Lord*.
Which, &c.

13.

O Doctor! I fear, you study'd *Art Magick*,
To Compass your Ends, which still were so
Tragick:

But now it is hop'd that we may lead You
a *Jig*. *Which, &c.*

14.

Or else I am sure, without being uncivil,
A Man my believe you deal with the *Devil*,
For no body else could have wrought us
such *Evil*. *Which, &c.*

15.

Your Canting was *Charm*, Rebellion your *Witch*,
With these you gave the *Poor Rabble* the *Itch*,
When like *Emp'rick* on Stage you made 'em a
Speech. *Which, &c.*

16.

Y' are *fitted* you see by *Fashion* your *Whore*,
Your little *Tap-Pug* can help you no more:
Hell ow's *Both* a *Spite*, and will pay ye the
Score. *Which no body can deny.*

Titus Tell-Troth: A Song to the
Tune of, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades*.

Hail to the *Knight of the Post*;
To *Titus* the *Chief of the Town*
Titus who vainly did boast

Of the *Salamanca Gown*;
Titus who saw the world o'er,
From the *Tower of Valadolid*,
Yer stood in the *White-horse Door*,
And swore to it, like the *Creed*.

2. Titus

Titus at *Watton* in *May*,
 To *Titus* at *Issington*;
 And *Titus* the self same day
 Both Here and There again.
Titus who never swore *Truth*,
 His Politick *Plots* to maintain,
 And never yet baw'd an *Oath*,
 When call'd to the *Test* again.

Then *Titus* was Meekest of all,
 When Never a *Peny* in's *Purse*,
 And oft did on *Pickering* call,
 His *Charity* to Imburse.
 But when he swore *Damnable Oaths*,
 And *Lying* esteemed no *Sin*,
 Then *Titus* was One of those
 Whom the *Devil* had entred in.

Then *Titus* the Frown of *Heav'n*,
 And *Titus* a *Plague* upon *Earth*;
Titus who'l ne'r be *Forgiven*,
 Curs'd from his *Fatal Birth*;
Titus the *Curse* and the *Doom*
 Of the *Rich* and the *Poor Man* too;
 Oh *Titus*, thou *Shred* of a *Loom*,
 What a *plague* dost thou mean to do?

Titus an *Orthodox* *Beast*,
 And *Titus* a *Presbyter* *Tall*;
Titus a *Popish* *Priest*,
 And *Titus* the *shame* of all;
Titus who ne'r had the *skill*
 The *Wife* with his *Plots* to deceive

But *Titus* whose *Tongue* can kill;
Whom *Nature* has made a Sla-

6.

Titus the Light of the Town,
Where *Zealots* and *Whigs* do resort;

Titus the Shame of the *Gown*,
And *Titus* the Scorn of the *Court*;

Titus who Spew'd out the *Truth*,
To Swallow the *Covenant*;

Yet never blush'd at an *Oath*,

Whom *Lying* has made a *Saint*.

7.

Yet *Titus* believed cou'd be

Against any *Papish Lord*;

Whilst still against *Shaftsbury*

The *Witness* and *Truth's* abhor'd;

So *Titus* got Credit and Gold

For *Lying*, an thought it no Sin;

But against *Dissenters* bold

The *Truth* is not worth a pin.

8.

Thus *Titus* Swore on a pace,

'Gainst those whom he never did

Yet *Titus* with brazen Face (see;

Wou'd our *Preserver* be,

But as *Titus* the foremost in *Trust*

Discover'd this *Mystery*:

May *Titus* so be the *First*

That leads to the *Triple-Tree*.

The

The Compleat Swearing-Master:
To the Tune of, *Now now the Fight's*
done.

1.

Once on a time, the Dr. did Swear,
By the help of his Friend the Prince of
the Air.

He was busie in Consult, one day in Spain,
And on the same day in England again,
And the Dr. did swear that Noble Don John,
Though little and Fair, was a tall black Man.

2.

The Dr. Swore he brought Commissions to
From Father Oliva, to men of Renown: (Town
To raise mighty Force, the King to destroy,
For which many Russians the Pope did imploy;
And the Dr. did Swear that little Don John,
Was Black, and also a very tall Man.

3.

That forty thousand Pilgrims there were,
Arm'd with Black Bills, that march'd in the Air
And ready to strike when the Pope should com-
And carry to Rome poor little England. (mand,
And the Dr. did Swear as few others can,
That little Don John is a tall black Man.

4.

And the Dr. did Swear he had Letters full ma-
But for all he Swore, he ne'r produc'd any, (ny
It's much he kept none to make out the matter
But it may be he lost them, in crossing the
But that's all I owe the Dr. Swore on, (Water;
That little Don John was a tall black Man.

5. He

5.
He swore two hundred thousand pounds sent
To Ireland, which was all to be Spent:
In Squibs to burn houses, Ammunition and Bills,
And pay Popish Doctors for King Killing Pills:
Which he swore had been done if the Plot had gon on,
And then Swore Don John a very tall Man.

6.
And the Dr. did swear he knew not some men,
Yet afterwards swore, he knew them again;
And the Dr. did Swear by the fair candle-light
He could not discern a Man from a Mite:
But believe him who will, for I hardly can,
That little Don John is a tall black Man.

7.
And he swore he always a Protestant was,
And ne'r car'd a Farth for Pope or for Mass,
And he Swore he went to St. Omers to find
What the Jesuits had against England design'd.
And the Dr. did swear, deny it who can,
That little Don John was a tall black Man

8.
And the Dr. did swear a thousand things more
That discovering the plot had made him so
poor,
And he swore himself 700 pounds worse,
But a pox of all lies, take that with a curse:
But I le not beleiv't, although others can,
That little Don John is a tall black Man.

9.
Now if it should please the Dr. to swear
To keep his hand in, a Man is a Bear;
Or the Dr. will swear his Soul to the Devil,
He wall do it for me, I love to be Civil;

Every

Every man in his way, let the Dr. swear on,
But I beg his excuse in the size of Don John.

10.

The Dr. may swear the Crow to be white,
Or a Pigmy to be of Gygantick height,
Or double his numbers of Pilgrims and Bills,
And swear them drawn up in *Lincoln's-Inn-fields*.
I bear't and believ't as much as I can,
That little Don John is a tall black Man.

11.

There's no stopping the tide, let the Dr.
swear on.
The black is the fair, or the fair the black
Or swear what he will I care not a T—,
I'de as soon as his, take another mans word:
So Dr. be damn'd and Swear all you can,
Don John is not tall, nor yet a black Man:

A Tory in a Whig's Coat: To the
Tune of, *Up with Aley, &c.*

I.

What! still ye Whigs uneasie?
Will nothing coll your Brain,
Unless Great Charles, to please ye,
Will let ye drive his Wain?
Then up with *Prance* and *Oats*,
And up with *Knaves* a pair;
But down with him that Votes
Against a *Lawful Heir*.

2.

Your Grievance is remov'd,
Old *Staufford's* made a Saint,

Though

Though you but little prov'd,
 The Karle away you sent.
 Then up with all your spight,
 And shevv us vvhat you mean;
 I fear me, by this Light,
 Ye long to vent your Spleen.

That Peerless House of Commons
 So zealous for the Lord,
 Meant (piously) vvith some on's
 To flesh the Godly Sword:
 Then up vvith an the Leaven,
 With each Dissenting Loon,
 Then up with Bully Stephen;
 But Colledge is gone doon.

4.
 What wou'd those Loons have had?
 What makes 'em still to mutter?
 I think thy're an gone mad,
 They keep so muckle clutter:
 Then up with Pill and Sute,
 Another Blessed Pair;
 And up with e'ry Brute;
 But chiefly Goatham's Mayo.

5.
 Our Salamansba-Priest
 Has left his Flock in hast;
 And shrevvdy is he mist;
 Which makes us all gaff:
 Then up vvith Lads of vvorth,
 With Baldwin, V leand Care;
 For these must novv hold forth,
 And Dick shall nose a Pray'r.

But is our Parson gone ;
 And whither gone I row ?
 What, backagen to Spain ?
 Gued Faith e'n let him go.
 Then up with blundering S.
 The *Tories* Plague, I row ;
 'Tis he our *Cause* must bless
 With *Chraffers*, and so. -----

7.

But scurvy *Heracitus*,
 And Roger too is rude,
 And Nat, who plagues poor *Titus*,
 Which makes us chew the Cud :
 Then up with *Associations*,
Remonstrances and *Libels* ;
 'Tis these must save *Three Nations*,
 And will preserve our *Bibles* -----

8.

The *Popish* Fox does seem
 To sleep his time away ;
 But his pernicious Dream
 Is only to *Betray* :
 Then up with *How*, the Mole,
 And many more that be ;
 But up with *Little Pole*
 Upon the highest Tree. -----

9.

Heracitus is a Debtor,
 To some within the City,
 Who sent him like a Letter,
 He'l pay them in a Dirty ;
 Then up with an *Disfenters*,
 Up with 'em in a Cart :
 And up with him that ventures
 His Majesty to thwart. -----

10. But

But now Great *TORR* is come,
 (Whom Heaven still be with)
 You'll find (both all and some)
 'Twas ill to shew your Teeth;
 Then up with e'ry Round-head,
 And e'ry Faction's Brother,
 You're Luck is now confounded.
 Ye an must up together.

The Protestant *FLAYL*: To the
 Tune of, *Lacy's Maggot*; Or, *The*
Hobby-Horse.

Listen a while, and I'll tell you a Tale
 Of a new Device of a Protestant *Flayl*;
 With a *Thump, Thump, Thump, a Thump,*
Thump, a Thump, Thump.

This *FLAYL* it was made of the finest wwood,
 Well lin'd wvith Lead, and notable good,
 For splitting of Brains, and shedding of blood
 Of all that withstood,
 With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

This *Flayl* vvas invented to thrash the Brain,
 And leave behind not the wvair of a grain,
 With a *Thump, &c.*

At the handle-end there hung a *Weight*,
 That carried wvith it unavoidable Fate;
 To take the Monarch a rap in the Pate,
 And govern the State.
 With a *Thump, &c.*

3.

It took its degree in *Oxford-Town*,
And with the *Carpenter* went down,

With a Thump, &c.

If any durst his *Might* oppose,
He had you close, in *spight* of your *Nose*,
To carry on clever the *Good Old Cause*,
And down with the *Laws*,

With a Thump, &c.

4

With this they threat'ed to fore-stall
The *Church*, and give the *Bishops* a *Mawl*

With a Thump, &c.

If *King* and *Lords* would not submit
To the *Joyner's* will while the *House* did sit,
If this in the right place did hit,
The cause it would split,

With a Thump, &c.

5.

Two handfuls of *Death*, with a *Thong* hang
By a *Zealot* who hang'd himself at last,

With a Thump, &c.

With a moving head both stiff and stout,
Found by the *Protestant Joyner* out,
To have at the *King* & the *Laws* & other bout,
And turn them both out,

With a Thump, &c.

6.

Invisibly 'twou'd deal his *Blows*,
All to maintain the *Good Old Cause*,

With a Thump, &c.

Wou'd *Liberty* and *Freedom* bring
To every thing except the *King*,
At *Monarchy* it had a fling,

D

And

And took its fving,
With a Thump, &c.

7.
 This *Flayl* vvas made of the Nevvelt Fashion,
 To heal the Breaches of the Nation,
With a Thump, &c.

If Faction any difference bred,
 T vvou'd Split the Cause in the very Head,
 Till Monarchy reel'd, and Loyalty bled,
 And vvere knock'd in the Head,
With a Thump, &c.

8.
 When any Strife vvas in the State,
 This *Flayl* vvou'd end the vyhole Debate,
With a Thump, &c.
 'Gainst Arbitrary Power of State,
 And Popery vvhich the Zealots hate,
 It vvou'd give them such a Rap on the Fate,
 They must yield to their Fate,
With a Thump, &c.

9.
 It had a thousand Virtues more,
 And had a Salve for every Sore,
With a Thump, &c.
 With this they thought to have maintain'd,
 The Loyal Tribe, and Royalists bram'd:
 But the Joyner vvas hang'd, and the *Flayl* vvas
 And the Conquest Regain'd, (Arraign'd
With a Thump, &c.

10.
 May Tony and all our Enemies,
 Meet vvith no better Fate than his,
With a Thump, &c.

May Charles still live to Rule the State,
 And *Tork*, (vvhom all *Disseuters* hate)
 To be reveng'd upon their Pare,
 By timely fate,

With a Thump, Thump, Thump a Thump,

Thump, a Thump, Thump.

IGNORAMUS-Justice, To the
 Tune of *Sir Eglesmore*.

^{1.}
Did you not hear of a Peer that was Try'd?
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

That looks like a Cask with a Tap in his side;

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

This Noble Peer to the Bar was call'd;

The Witrnesses sworn, but the Fore-man out.

With a fa, la, la, la, la. [haul'd;

^{2.}
 Then up Sir Samuel did start;

With a fa, la, &c.

And found the Bill not worth a F —

With a fa, la, &c.

With that the Court kept such a stir,

The Fore-man should prove so syll a Sir,

With a fa, la, &c.

^{3.}
 The Witrnesses for the King swore plain;

With a fa, la, &c.

But had they been as many again;

With a fa, la, &c.

The Jury before such Truths receiv'd,

Nor them, nor St. Peter they wou'd have be-

With a fa, la, &c.

(liev'd;

4.
The Witnesses brought him a *Traitor* in;
With a *fa, la, &c.*
But the *Jury* found it another thing;
With a *fa, la, &c.*
For he who did still his *King* oppose,
Is made a true Subject in spite of the *Laws*;
With a *fa, la, &c.*

5.
Thus this *Great Lord* of High Renown;
With a *fa, la, &c.*
Th' Exalted Idol of the *Town*;
With a *fa, la, &c.*
Is clear'd by *Ignoramus*-sway,
For Betraying the *Church* and the *King* in a
With a *fa, la, &c.* (day)

6.
The *Rabble* to shew their *Loyalty*;
With a *fa, la, &c.*
Did in full shouts with the *Jury* agree;
With a *fa, la, &c.*
They Bonfires made with great applause,
And all to maintain the *Good Old Cause*;
With a *fa, la, &c.*

7.
And now in spite of *King* and *Queen*;
With a *fa, la, &c.*
More Jollity was in the *Streets* to be seen;
With a *fa, la, &c.*
Then on the *Twenty Ninth* of *May*,
Though it was the *Restoration-day*;
With a *fa, la, &c.*

Another passage I chanc'd to hear ;

With a fa, la, &c.

That the Doctor is fallen from the Front to

With a fa, la, &c.

(the Rear;

He to the Saints does now incline,

Abjures the King, with the Rebels Combines ;

VWith a fa, la, &c.

Yet these pretend now for to Inherit ;

VWith a fa, la, &c.

(As Heirs do Estates) the Light of the Spirit ;

VWith a fa, la, &c.

Yet let them say or do what they will,

They'l find themselves Ignoramus still ;

VWith a fa, la, &c.

But had it been a Popish Lord ;

VWith a fa, la, &c.

One Witness then had serv'd in a word ;

VWith a fa, la, &c.

They had nor then enquir'd so far ;

But found it, and never have slept from the

VWith a fa, la, &c.

(Bar :

If by this Law the Charter be lost ;

With a fa, la, &c.

Will Tony's Estate repay all the Cost ?

With a fa, la, &c.

The Boys will then find out the Cheat

And de De Will the old Camel in his Re.

With a fa, la, &c.

(trick ;

They'l Curse that Pate that studied to bring;
With a fa, la, &c.

Plague to the Country, and Ruine to th' King;
With a fa, la, &c.

Divested thus of Citophel's Pride,
They'l do him that Justice which Janies deny'd
With a fa, la, &c.

The Loyal Feast; to the Tune of
Sawney will never be my Love again.

1.

TONY was small, but of Noble Race,
And was beloved of ev'ry one;
He Broach'd his Tap, and it ran apace
To make a Solemn Treat for all the Town
He sent to Yeoman, Knight, and Lord,
The Holy Tribe to Entertain
With all the Nacion cou'd afford,
But Tony will never be himself again.

2.

He sent to the Shambles for all their Store,
And left behind neither Fowl nor Beast;
The Spiggot ran swift and fain wou'd do more
To make all the Lords a Noble Feast;
He sent to Market, sent to Fair,
His Loyal Guests to entertain,
But of the Banquet he had no share,
And Tony will never be himself again.

3.

At two great Halls in London Town,
Design'd to meet a Zealous Crew
Of Lords and Knights of High Renown,
And all were Protestants True Blue. *They*

They threw in *Guineys* free as Brass,
 The Noble Frolick to Maintain,
 But on Great *Charles* the Sham would not pass
 And Tony will &c.

4

With Duty to their Lawful Prince;
 A Loyal Subject every one;
 To pray for him is the Pretence, (Crown
 And then to Rail and Plot against the
 From Church they did intend to the Hall,
 Their Noble Guests to Entertain;
 But they were Routed, Horse and all,
 And Tony &c.

5

In favour of the *King* and *Duke*,
 The Heir-Apparent of the Throne,
 His Highness they Exclude, and took
 A Fop-Pretender of their own;
 The meek Guide *Moses* they withstand,
 A Golden Calf to Entertain;
 But Royal *Charles* he dispers'd the Band,
 And Tony, &c.

6

The Bloody *Papists* shall no more
 Conrrieve against his Life and Reign;
 Tho' it was themselves did the Feat before,
 And are as ready to do't again.
 Thus they Exclude the Rightful Heir,
 The Gaudy Fop to Entertain;
 But they were met by the good Lord Mayor,
 And Tony &c.

7

With thanks and Pray'rs for our good King
 They Vow'd to Sacrifice the Day;

But

But Royal Charles he smok'd out the thing;
 And sent the Rable with a Pox away,
 He sent his Summons to the Cit,
 Seditious Meetings to Restraine,
 The Feast was broke, and the Guests were
 And Tony &c. (best.)

8

And now the Capons flye about,
 With Frigates of Ambergreece,
 And Chickens ready dress'd they Shout
 About the Street for pence a piece:
 The Whigs did with the Council choak'd,
 Who did this Noble Feast restrain;
 All down in the Mouth to be thus bawl'd,
 Poor Tony will never be himself again.

Old Jemmy: Tune of, Young Jemmy.

Old Jemmy is a Lad
 Right lawfully descended;
 No Bastard born nor bred,
 Nor for a Whig suspended:
 The true and Lawful Heir to th' Crown,
 By Right of Birth and Laws,
 And bravely will maintain his own,
 In spite of all his Foes.

Old Jemmy is the Top
 And Chief amongst the Princes;
 No Mobile gay Fop,
 With Brimingham pretences:
 A Heart and Soul so wondrous great
 And such a conqu'ring Eye,
 That every Loyal Lad fears not
 In Jemmy's Cause to die.

3. Old

Old *Jemmy* is a Prince
 Of Noble Resolutions,
 Whose Powerful influence
 Can order our Confusions;
 But Oh ! He fights with such a Grace
 No Force can him withstand ;
 No God of War but must give place
 Where *Jemmy* leads the Van

4.

To *Jemmy* every Swain
 Does pay due Veneration ;
 And *Scotland* does maintain
 His Title to the Nation :
 The Pride of all the Court he stands
 The Patron of his Cause,
 The Joy and Hope of all his Friends
 The terror of his Foes.

5.

Maliciously they Vote,
 To work Old *Jemmy's* Ruin,
 And zealously promote
 A Bill for his undoing :
 Both Lords and Commons most a-
 To pull His Highness down ;
 But 'spight of all their Policy
 Old *Jemmy's* Heir to th' Crown.

6.

The Schismatick and Sainr,
 The Baptist and the Athiest,
 Swear by the Covenant,
 Old *Jemmy* is a Papist ;
 Whilst all the Holy Crew did plot
 To pull His Highness down,
 Great *Albany* a Noble Scot
 Did raise unto a Crown.

7. Great.

7. Great *Albany* they swear,
 He before any other,
 Shall be immediate Heir
 Unto His Royal Brother,
 Who will in spite of all his Foes,
 His Lawful Rights maintain,
 And all the Fops that interpose,
 Old *Jemmy's York* again.

8. The *Whigs* and Zealots Plot
 To banish him the Nation,
 But the Renowned Scot
 Hath wrought his Restoration,
 With high respects they treat his Grace
 His Royal Cause maintain;
 Brave *Albany* (to Scotland's Praise)
 Is Mighty *York* again.

9. Against his envious Fates
 The *Kirk* hath taught a Lesson;
 A Blessing on the States,
 To settle the Succession,
 They real were, both Knight and Lord
 And will his Rights maintain;
 By Royal Parliament restor'd,
 Old *Jemmy's* come again.

10. And now He's come again,
 In spite of all Pretenders,
 Great *Albany* shall Reign
 Amongst the Faith's Defenders.

Let Whig and Brimingham repine;
 They shew their Teeth in vain;
 The Glory of the British Line,
 Old Jemmy's come again.

The Honour of Great York and
 Albany, to a new Tune.

1.

THe Commons now are at a stand,
 And evermore I hope shall be;
 For Scotland will be a help at hand,
 For Great James Duke of Albany.
 For Scotland,

2.

A braver Nation he can't have,
 For Love, for Truth, for Loyalty;
 Each Man will Fight into his Grave,
 For great James Duke of Albany.
 Each man, &c.

3.

A Souldier stout is he, and brave,
 As ever any man did see,
 God bless the King, and Queen, and Save
 Our Great James Duke of Albany,
 God bless, &c.

4.

He very Wise, and Pious is,
 There's no Man knows the Contrary;
 Then Damn'd be him that chinsel amiss,
 Of Great James Duke of Albany.
 Then Damn'd &c.

All Loyal Subjects him must love,
 The Heir Apparent, shall is he,
 Royal

Next

Next to the King, there's none above
Our Great James Duke of Albany.

Next to the King, &c.

Then let our Reason our ill Will sway,
And every man upon his Knee,
I do not mean to drink, but Pray,
For Great James Duke of Albany.

I do not mean, &c.

7.

There's no man is so mad to think,
That Drinking can availing be,
'Tis better for to Fight than Drink,
For Great James Duke of Albany.

'Tis better, &c.

8.

Yet do not think I'll bawlk his Health,
But with my cup, most moderately,
I'll drink, I'll fight, and spend my wealth,
For Great James Duke of Albany.

I'll Drink, I'll fight, and spend, &c.

The Well-wisher to the Royal
Family. To a New Tune.

1.

Now the Toys, that Glories
In Royal-Jemmy's return,

The Tavern shall Roar it and Score it,

Your Caps and Bonnets burn:

Let the Lads and Lasses

Set foot foot in their Turn;

And he that passes his Glasses,

May he never Scape the Morn:

Royal

Royal James is come again,
 There's for honest men room again,
 The true Heir is come again;
 Fop Pretenders we scorn,
 Then Hey Boys laugh it, and quaff it,
 Let Whigs and Zealots mourn.

2.

Let Impeaches and Speeches
 Be with the Authors pull'd down;
 And all that Preaches or Teaches
 Against the Heir of the Crown:
 No more the Zealots shall tell us
 Of the Succession of the Throne;
 Till the Rebellious so Zealous,
 His lawful Interest own:
 Monarchy is got up again,
 Every Man rake his Cup again,
 Till we make the Whigs stoop again:
 Who our Peace wou'd enthrall:
 And every Rebel that Libel'd,
 Do at his Foot stool fall,

3.

Let's be Loyal and Joy-al,
 Spite of each Faction's Caball,
 Who daily deny all, dese all,
 That we can Loyalty call:
 Who Smoaking, and Soaking,
 With the return of the Ramp,
 Sadly Looking, sit Croaking,
 To see it Wore ro'th Stump;
 Then set the Glass Round again,
 For our time let's not spend in vain,
 But let us now Drink a Main,
 Fill it up to the Brim

E

Come

(50)
Come round Boys let's Trowl it & Bowl it,
Till our Joys they do swim.

4.
For Him our Choices and Voices,
Shall all hereafter be free,
Whilst each one Rejoyces, our Noises
Shall defend the Raging o'th Sea;
We'll attend him, befriend him,
Let *Malice* Vore what it will;
Coyn we'll Lend Him, Defend Him,
And we'll rejoyce in Him still:
Then let us no Mirth refrain,
Since that now he is safe again,
Well having escap'd the Main;
From the Salt Waters set free,
Then Hey Boys laugh it, and quaff it,
And let us Mery be.

5.
Though the Zealous, grow Jealous,
And Create much needless fear,
By which means they'd Drill us and Will us.
Like themselves to appear;
But no Wonder, since Plunder,
Is that at which they aim,
That the *Whigs* wander under
Religious Guile, which they Shame:
But at last we have found them,
And from the bottom unwound them,
So that each man may sound them,
And laugh at the *Old Cause*,
Which was the Ruine and undoing,
Of King and Kingdoms Laws.

6.
Then let's Rour 'em and Flour 'em,
Who rails at the Succession, That

That would Rout Him whom we so esteem,
Beyond all Expression;

Fill *Clarret*, who's for it?

And let each Bumper go round,
Who doth bar it, or spare it

May he with Goats Horns be Crown'd:

Here's a Health to the Dutchess,

Grant her long Life, Health, and Riches,

And a Young Prince is all our wishes,

Whilst all the Faction's Repine

Then come away wi't, ne'r stay it,

Let no man baulk his Wine.

*London's Joy and Loyalty On His
Royal Highnesses Return from
Scotland.*

I.

Rouze up ye *Tories*
Of this *Faction's Land*,
Now *Loyalty*

Hath got the Upper-hand:
The Rabble-rout

Their Errours shall disclaim,

And Homage pay

To *York's* Illustrious Name;

The *London* Mayor

Is faithful to his Trust,

And the two present Sh'rif's

Wou'd fain be counted Just;

And every *Faction's Rebel*

Through the Town agree

To shew the heighth

Of *London's Loyalty*.

E. 2.

2. Now

2.

Now the loud Threatning
 Tempest is dispers'd,
 And all their shamming Plots
 Are quite-revers'd;
 Great *Jemmy's* happy
Restoration here
 Makes a new day
 In *London's* Hemisphere:
 The Clouds are gone
 That did oppress his *Reign*,
 And joyful day breaks forth
 In this glad Land again.
 Then to the Mighty Duke
 Of *York* and *Albany*
 Now *London, London*,
 Shew thy *Loyalty*.

3.

A Royal Pair
 With their Illustrious Train,
 To *London's* Joy
 Are now Return'd again;
 Great Gracious *Charles*
 Does in the Front appear,
 And Princely *York*
 Advances in the Rear;
 The Right Successor
 Is Return'd again,
 Whom for ner Faction
 Sent an Exile o'r the Main,
 Then to the Mighty Duke
 Of *York* and *Albany*
 Now *London, London*
 Shew thy *Loyalty*.

4 Heav'n

Heave'n bless the King,
Preserve the Lawful Heir;

Let *Tories* Sing,
And *Brimighams* Despair:

To see Great *York*
Invested in his own,

Spight of all Fop
Pretenders to the Throne;

Then Truth and Justice
Shall our Joys restore;

Associations shall
Destroy our Peace no more,

But to our Gracious King,
With *York* and *Albany*

All Subjects seek
To shew their Loyalty

The *Tory* Song on His Highness's Re-
turn from *Scotland*. To the Tune
of, *The Prince of Orange's*
Delight.

Room, room for *Cavaliers*, bring us
more Wine,
His Highness is Landed, about with the Glass;
The *Brimigham*-piece is but Counterfeit Coin
Yet fair for good Sterling among us wou'd
pass.
Hey *Bowmen* more Wine,
Fill up to the Brim;
While *Zealots* repine
We'll frolick and sing;

For *Oats*, is confounded,
 That Turn-coated *Round-head*;
 Then let us be *Loyal*, and true to our King.

2.

A little Old Conjuror threw so much Brass,
 And Pewter and Copper amongst the
 True Coyn

That hardly a Penny of Money can pass,
 But what is Clipt, Plated, or wash'd very
 But thine Boy, and mine, (fine
 Bears the stamp of the King;
 Then let's have more Wine,
 While good Money we bring;
 John Thum is confounded,
 That Brazen-fac'd *Round-head*;
 Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our King.

3.

With such a Bold, Impudent and Brazen-face
 They'd pass for true Mettle, although but
 wash'd o'r;

The Kings Stamp & Image they only disgrace
 As they did their Lord and Creators before;
 But thine Boy, and mine,
 Bears the stamp of the King,
 Then let's have more Wine,
 While good Money we bring;
 For *Care* is Confounded,
 That Scismatick *Round-head*;
 Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our King.

4.

(*Elves*,
 Yet (what is most noted) these *Brimingham*
 To bear the true Stamp are so brazen'd
 with Art, (themselves,
 That they wou'd have nothing to pass but
 Although,

Although they're but Copper and Gaul at
But thine Boy, and mine, the heart.

Bears the stamp of the King,

Then let's have more Wine,

While good Sterling we bring ;

For *Dick* is confounded,

That Libelling *Roundhead*,

Then let us be *Loyal*, and true to our King.

5.

(the King

They call themselves *Loyal*, nay more, love

Yet Royalists, *Tory* and *Papist* mis call ;

And rail at all those who stand up for the
thing,

With *L'strange*, *Heracitus* and *Thompson*, &c all

Garnit these the Slaves

Their Libels they sing ;

Yet they are the Knaves,

That do Libel the King ;

But *Langley's* confounded,

That Pamphletting *Roundhead*;

Then let us be *Loyal*, and true to our King.

6.

Thus *Brimighams* still the Stamp Royal rebukes
With Brazen-fac'd Impudence guided so fine
Who hates the King's Picture as well as the
Dukes,

And loves it in nothing, unless in his Coyn ;

But let him still pass

For a counterfeit thing,

About with the Glass,

And merrily sing ;

For *Ben* is confounded,

That Cuckoldly *Round-head* ;

Then let us be *Loyal*, and true to our King.

7 To

To the King and the Queen, fill it up to the
Top.

The D. & the Dutchess, whom Heav'n has
restor'd;

And next, *Hans in Kelder*, the Royal Blew-Cap;
To all the true Issue, and each *Loyal* Lord:

Crown every Glass,

Fill 'em up to the Brim:

About let 'em pass,

While we merrily sing;

For *Baldwin's* confounded,

That impudent *Round-head*;

Then let us be *Loyal*, and true to our King.

8.

To brave *Albemarle* the next we'll pursue,

With *Worster* and *Clarendon*, *Seymour*, and *Hall*—

To all to their King, and their Country are
true,

Who *Loyalty* love, and confound the *Caball*.

If *Monarchy* shine,

And *Benman* but bring

Good store of brisk wine,

We'll make the *Dog* ring;

For *Tony's* confounded,

That *Spiggoted Round-head*;

Then let us be *Loyal*, and true to our King.

The PLOT Cram'd into Jones

Placket. to the Tune of, *Jones*

Placket is torn, &c.

HAve you not lately heard
of Lords sent to the *Tower*,

Who

Who 'gainst the Popish Plotters,
 seem'd men of chiefeft power:
 But now they're got into the Plot,
 and all their power's in vain,
 For the Plot is rent and torn,
 and can never be mended again,
 'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
 and rent and torn in twain:
 For the Plot is rent and torn,
 and will never be mended again,

2.

Fitz-Harris they suppos'd
 a fitting Instrument,
 The Duke, the Queen, and King
 himself to circumvent:
 But now he's hang'd and all his Gang
 will follow the same strain,
 For the Plot is rent and torn,
 and will never be mended again, &c.

3.

The Joyner he did march
 to Oxford, to be Try'd,
 Where he did find a Jury,
 who were not Whiggify'd:
 And for his Joyning in the Plot,
 a Halter he did gain,
 For the Plot is rent and torn,
 and will never be mended again, &c.

4.

They say that Mr. Dugdale,
 so honest and so true,
 Is one of the King's Evidence,
 against this wicked Crew:

And

And now they aim him to defame,
 but all will be in vain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
and will never be mended again, &c.

5.

The crafty *Shaftsbury*,
 is caught in his own Snare,
 He has hired many Rogues,
 themselves for to forswear:
 Are now undone, with *Hetherington*,
 and all his hired Train,
For the Plot is rent and torn
and will never be mended again, &c.

6.

Thus Innocence we see
 begins for to appear,
 Since Rogues for want of Pardons,
 the Truth are fain to swear:
 Had it been so, some years ago,
 we'd hit on the right vein,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
and will never be mended again, &c.

7.

The pious *Commons* Vote
 it was a Popish Plot,
 Which Factionous Lords promote,
 'twas death to think it not;
 Thus piously they all agree
 a Plot for to maintain,
But now 'Tis rent and torn,
and will never be mended again, &c.

8.

Against the Lawful Heir,
 full many a Bill they pass

Upon

Upon the Royal Chair
 to place a gawdy Ass ;
 But they may ride to'th Devil astride
 with Noll new Plots to feign,
*For the Plot is rent and torn,
 and will never be mended again, &c.*

9.

When they cou'd rail no more
 of pious Lords and Peers,
 To set them as before
 together by the Ears ;
 To Shrivens and Mayor they made this Prayer,
 they wou'd the Plot maintain,
*But now 'tis rent and torn,
 and will never be mended again, &c.*

10.

Brave Rich and Famous North,
 (whom Factions did oppose)
 For Loyalty and Worth,
 The Noble Mayor has chose,
 Who hand in hand will faithful stand
 to Royal Charles's Reign,
*For the Plot is rent and torn,
 and will never be mended again.*
*'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent;
 and rent and torn in twain.*
*For the Plot is rent and torn,
 and will never be mended again.*

The Happy return of the Old Dutch
 Miller. To the Tune of the First.

Good People of England I hope you have
 Experience of my Art in my Trade ;
 For

For I am the *Miller* that was here before,
That ground Women young, of four or five
Score.

*Then make hast Customers, bring in your Tribes;
I'll quickly dispatch them without any Bribes.
For I am so Zealous for Whiglanders Crew
I'll cure their Distempers with one Turn or Two.*

2.

And now (for your comfort) I am come again
To cure the defection amongst all your Men;
Whether they be Factionous, Stupid or Lame;
Let's see e're a Chymist that can do the same.

Then make hast Customers, &c.

3.

(Simple;

If you have e're a City that's troubl'd with
That's over-rich grown, and has *Rebellious*
pimples

I'll strip it of all these defects in an hour,
And make it submit to the *King* or the *Tower*.

Then come away Customers, &c.

4.

If any pretending *Whigg Sberiffs* yet dare,
(In the year of his Office) Arrest the *Lord*
Mayor ;

(must

Let them come to my Mill, if their Insolence
Be taken a Peg lower, I'll Grind them to Dust

Then make hast Customers, &c.

5.

If any Grave *Alderman* Perjures and Swears,
Till he runs the great hazard of losing his
Ears.

Shame

Let him bring but his Toll, and to cover his
I'll hide him in a Hopper, and Dip him in the

Then make hast Customers, &c.

(Dam

6 11

6.

If any Hot Zealots, or Turbulent Cits,
With Tumults & Riots run out of their Wits;
For the Toll I'll so Tame 'em, that they shall
Like Flour of Patience, I'll Grind 'em so small.
Then make hast Customers, &c.

7.

If you have e're a Fop that's proud of a String,
And fain would aspire to the Throne of a King
Bring him to my Mill, I will presently show
If he's qualified for a Monarch, or no.
Then make hast Customers, &c.

8.

If you have e're a Lord that's a Pimp to's Wife,
And to hide his Horns would venture his Life:
Send her to my Mill. I'll venture a Tryal,
To make Her as Honest as e're He was Loyal.
Then make hast Customers, &c.

9.

If you have e're a Slabbering Lord that's a
And sits in Cabals 3 Kingdoms to Rule, (Fool,
And stands for a States-man, I'll make him as
As ever a Helper in all his own Stable.
Then make hast Customers, &c.

10.

If you have e're a Lord that used to Preach
I'll ch' top of a Crab Tree, above all your reach,
And still the Lords Super expos'd in Lambs wool:
Send him to my Mill, I'll Reform his Skull:
Then make hast Customers, &c.

11.

If you have e're a Knight that's a Knave and
(Tbred-bare,
That

F

That deals in Neck-laces and such kind of ware:
And stole the best Plot, now hides it in Bristol:
Bring him to my Mill, I'll make him confess't
Then make hast Customers, &c.

12.

If you have, or had, any Sheriffs that are Whigs,
That have cut off some Heads, and are cutting
(off Legs,

Bring them, and their Perjur'd Juries together,
I'll turn 'em all round in my Mill with the
Then make hast Customers, &c.

13.

If you have e're a Doctor that has ne'r a Mouth,
But a Hole in the place for a Nose, Nor. & South
Put him to my Mill, I shall make him speak sense
Behind and before, like a Quaker in Trance.

Then make hast Customers, &c.

14.

If He has been Perjur'd ten thousand times o're, (poor;
And for want of Employment begins to grow
I'll make him as Rich (if he knows his own Name)

As when he came Mumping from Flanders, or

Then make hast Customers, &c.

15.

If Forty Religions he dares to Believe,

And yet Preacheth Blasphemy, Fools to deceive:

Bring him to my Mill, with more of the Grist,

I'll make him a Devil, a Man or a Beast;

Then make hast Customers, &c.

16.

If you have any Plots, either Sham ones, or True

Bring out the Contrivers, both black ones & blea

(ones.

I'll either Refine 'em from all their past Ill,

Or

Or else I will strangle them All in my MILL.
 Thou make hast Customers, bring in your Tribes,
 I'll quickly dispatch them without any Bribes;
 For I am so Zealous for Whiglanders Crew;
 I'll cure their Distempers with one Turn or two.

A Congratulation on the Happy Discovery of the Hellish Fanatick Plot.

Tune, Now, now the Fight's done.

1.
 Come now let's rejoyce, and the City Bells
 [ring,
 And the Bonfires kindle, whilst unto the King
 We pay on our knees the grand tribute that's
 [due,

Of thanks and oblation, which now we renew
 For Mercies that we have received of late,
 From Prudence and Justice diverting our Fate.

2. [disperst;
 The Curtain is drawn, and the Clouds are
 The Plot's come to light, that in darkness did
 nest, [grain:

Jack Calvin's display'd with his Colours in
 And who were the Traytors and Villains 'tis
 plain: [they set,

The Traps that they laid, and the snares that
 Have caught them at last in their own silly Net

3.
 The Foreman himself, that off-spring of Hell,
 In whose wick'd Breast all Treason doth dwell,
 To the Tower was sent, with his Triple Name,
 Whilst the Triple-tree groans for his Carcass
 again,

And many Rogues more their Leader will
follow [hallow.

Unto the same place, whilst we whoop and

4.
The Libelling tribe that so long have reign'd
And sow'd Seditious, shall now be Arraign'd;
Their Shams and their Lies shall do them no
good, [ming that wood:

When they come to the tree, there's no sham-
Jenny and Curtis in the forlorn hope,

Then *Vile, Smith* and *Care* shall neck the next
[Rope, 5 [stroy,

So, so, let them dye that would Monarchs de-
And spit all their Venom our Land to annoy:
If that their Power were to their Malice equal,
And their Courage the same, they'd soon ruine
all; [small;

But their Courage is low, and their Power but
Their Treason is High, and must have a Fall.

6.

When *Trojans* of old (our Ancestors) were
In danger of Shipwrack, & ross'd here & there
Great *Neptune* soon quell'd those Rebels and
Storms, harms;

With brandish'd trident, and free'd them from
They fled from his Face, through guilt of their
Cause,

As these from our Lion, if he stretch out his
7. (paws.

Go Devils, be gone to the Region below,
Here's no bus'ness of yours, or ought left to do:
No Tempter we need, we can act all our selves,
Without any help from you silly Elve;
For what *Presbyter* act, he thinks a disgrace

All

All Hell should out-do him, or dare shew their
8. [face,

For produce all the ill that Hell ever hatch'd,
'Tis nothing at all, when it comes to be
match'd [late,

With what has been Plotted by Traytors of
Who aim'd at the Ruine of Church, and of
State:

By Perjury, Bribes, by suborning all Evil,
By Murther, and worse Than e're came from

9. [the Devil,
Now *Presbyter* come and submit thy stiff Neck,
Thou labour'st in vain our great Monarch to
check;

Whose Power Divine no Mortals controul,
But hazard the loss of both Body and Soul:

Then banish for ever your *Commonwealth* hope,
Which tends to destruction, and ends in a Rope.

Epilogue.

*With Wine of all sorts let the Conduits run free,
And each true heart drink the K's Health on his knee:
No Treason shall lodge in our breasts while we live,
To God, and to Cæsar their Due we will give;
We'll pray with our hearts, and fight with our hands,
Against all Fanat. when great Charles commands.*

The Loyal Sheriffs of London and Mid-
lesex. Upon their Election,

Tune, *Now at last the Riddle, &c.*

Now at last the Matter is decided,
Which so long the Nation has divided;

Misguided

By Interest and blind Zeal,
Which so well in *Forty four* they Acted ;
Now with greater hear,
They again act o're like Men Distracted,
To give to *Monarchy* a new defeat.

2.

Famous *North*, of Noble Birth and Breeding,
And in Loyal Principles Exceeding ;

Is pleading

To stand his Counreys Friend,
To do Justice to the *King* and *Nation*,
Some so much oppose,
To renew the work of *REFORMATION*;
And carry on again the *Good Old Cause*.

3.

Next Renowned *Bax* as high commended,
And of Loyal Parentage Descended ;

Intended

To do the *City* Right,
With true Courage, and firm Resolution,
He the *Hall* Adorns ;
But the Heads were all in a *Confusion* :
Such din there was & a rattling with their Horns

4.

Prick up Ears, and push for one another,
Let not *Bax* (an old *Malignant*) Brother ;
Nor 'rother

Cur Properties command,
He's a *Kings-man*, *North* is nothing better,
They walk Hand in Hand
He you know is the Lord Mayor's Creature :
And therefore 'tis not fit that they should stand

5.

Where are now our *Liberties* and *Freedom* ?
Where

Where shall we find Friends when we shou'd
To bleed 'em

And pull the *Tory's* down,
To push for our Int'rest, who can blame us?
Sheriffs rule the *Town*,

When we loose our Darling *IGNORAMUS* :
We lose the Combat, and the day's their own.

6.

Then let every Man stand by his Brother,
Poll o're ten times, *Poll* for one another ;

What a Pother

You see the *Tory's* make,
Now or never, now to save your *Charter*,

Or your Hearts will ake,
If it goes for them expect no *Quarter* :
If Law and Justice rule, our heels must shake:

7.

Rout, a *Rout*, joyn 'Prentice, Bore and Peasant,
Let the *White-ball* Farry call it Treason,

'Tis Treason

We should our Necks Defend,
Routs and *Ryots*, *Tumults* and *Sedition*,

Poll 'em o're again,
These do best agree with our Condition ;
If *Monarchy* prevail, we're all lost men.

8.

The Lord Mayor is Loyal in his Station,
'Las what will become o'th *Reformation*;

O'th' Nation

If the *Sheriffs* be Loyal too ?
Wrangle, Brangle, huff and keep a *Clatter* ;
If we loose the Field,

Poll 'em o're again, it makes no matter :
For tho' we loose the Day, we scorn to Yield,

9. Ten

9.

Ten for *Box*, and Twenty for *Papillion*;
North a Thousand, and *Dubois* a Million:

What Villain

Our Interest dare oppose?

With those Noble *Patriots* thus they sided,

To uphold the *Cause*;

But the good Lord Mayor the case decided:

And once again two *Loyal Worthies* Chose.

10.

Noble *North*, and Famous *Box* promoted,

By due Course and Legal Choice allotted;

They Voted

To be the *City Sheriffs*.

And may they both to *Londons* Commendation,

Her Ancient Rights restore,

To do that Justice to the *King* and *Nation*,

Which former *Factions* have deny'd before.

Loyalty Triumphant, on the Confirmation

tion of Mr. *North* and Mr. *Rich*,

Sheriffs of *London* and *Middlesex*.

Tune, *Joy to the Bridegrooms*.

1.

Fill up the Bowl, and set it round,

The day is won, the *Sheriff* crown'd;

The *Rabble* flies, the *Tumults* yield;

And *Loyalty* maintains the Field;

Saint *George* for *England*, then again,

To Royal *CHARLES* this Ocean drain.

2.

With *Justice* may it ever flow,

And in an endless Circle go;

The

The brim with conqu'ring Bays be crown'd,
And *Faction* in the Dregs lie drown'd :

Then to the *QUEEN*, and Royal *James*,
Sacrifice your flowing *Thames*.

3.

Thanks to Sir *John*, our good Lord *Mayer*,
'Gainst *Sheriff's Tricks* He kept the *Chair* ;
The Court and City's *Right* maintains,
While head-strong *Faction* broke the *Reins* :

Then to the famous Sir *John Moor*,
May after-Age that *Name* adore.

4.

What Zeal (ye *Whigs*) to the *Old Cause*.
Thus makes you act against the *LAW* ;
That none for *Sheriff* must contend,
But your old *IGNORAMUS* Friend ?

But now, your hopes are all destroy'd,
And your two *Champions* laid aside.

5.

Is this your love to *Church* and *State*,
That no good man must serve of late,
While you can find one *Faction's Rogue*,
To sway the *Poll*, and get your *Vogue* ?

By unjust means your *Rights* you claim,
And lawless Force maintain the same.

6.

But brave Sir *John*, while th' storms increase,
His Wisdom made the *Tumults* cease ;

In spite of all *Illegal Poll*,

The *Routs* and *Ryots* did controll :

Whence He shall gain a lasting *Name*,
And after-Age Record His *Fame*.

7.

Amongst the Men of chiefest worth,
The Vote is given for *Loyal NORTH*,

IN

In spight of *Pilkington* and *Shute*,
Papilion, and the *Rabble Rout*:

Then to brave *NORTH* a double Doze,
 Who the strong *Factions* did oppose.

8.

Now *BOX* withdraws, *Dubois* contends,
 And Noble *RICH* the Stage ascends;

By *Legal* ('gainst *Illegal*) Vote,
 The *Loyal Tribune* they promote:

Then to brave *RICH* a Health off band,
 Who the loud *Tumults* did withstand.

9.

For *Ropes* and *Gibbets* the next year,
 The *Whigs* we hope) need not despair;

If *Rich* find *TIMBER*, (give them scope)
 Brave *North* will never grudge them *ROPE*:

Then, to conclude, we'll crown the Bowl
 With a Health to th *R.* and each *Loyal Soul*.

London's Joy and Triumph, on the I-
 stalment of Sir *William Pritchard*

L. Mayor for the ensuing year.

Tune, Tangier March:

1.

L Et the *Whigs* revile,
 The *Tories* Smile,

That their business is Completed,
 Let all Rejoyce

With Heart and Voice,
 That the *Whig's* at last defeated,

The *Whigs* for Loyalty so Fam'd,
 With all their Hopes are Undone;

Since now brave *Pritchard* is Proclaim'd
 The *Loyal Mayor* of *London*.

2. You

You *Polish* Brace
 Whose Brazen Face,
 To the Chair wou'd be Aspiring,
 See the Rabble Crowd
 Who Poll'd so Loud;
 Are baw'd beyond Admiring;
 Learn in time to mitigate
 Your bold Tumultuous Fury,
 Er'e you shall find, you trust too late,
 To Ignoramus Jury.

Let Player Tom
 Receive the Doom,
 So long due for his Cheating,
 Who did purloyn
 The City Coyn,
 To keep up Holy Meeting;
 To Rob the Orphan, and the Poor,
 His great Discharge of Trust is,
 And run upon the Widdows Score,
 To do the City Justice.

Let Ward Repent,
 And Jenks Relent,
 Their Practice so malicious,
 Let Hobland rue
 With all the Crew,
 That they were so officious;
 Such Jews as these, who did deny
 Their Saviour for a Tester,
 No doubt again wou'd Crucify
 Their Sovereign Lord and Master.

5.
 For North and Rich,
 And every such,
 They set up a Papillion;
 'Gainst Pritchard hold,
 With Cornish, Gold,
 With Ryor and Rebellion:
 To love the King can you pretend,
 Who Royalists deny all;
 And with such Vigour dare contend,
 Against the Man that's Loyal.

6.
 For shame in time
 Repent your Crime
 Your Ryor and Commotion;
 And to the Mayor,
 Who kept the Chair,
 Pay all your just Devotion;
 Such was their Loyalty of late,
 To give the King no Money:
 But freely throw away their Plate,
 To joyn with Rebel Tony.

7.
 Thus you before
 Did run on score
 With Royal Charles your Master;
 Like Drunk or mad
 Spent all you had
 To uphold a bold Imposture:
 Let not Knaves again betray,
 And rob you of your Reason,
 Then leave your Faction Heads to pay
 The forfeit of your Treason.

8.

With all your heart
 What did you get ?
 With all your din and quarter ;
 But to involve
 With each Resolve
 The more entangled *Charter* ?
 To *Charles* your just Allegiance give,
 Your *Properties*, then plead em,
 Defending the *Prerogative*,
 You best protect your *Freedom*.

Ryot upon Ryot ; or a SONG upon the
Arresting the Loyal Lord Mayor
and Sher.iffs. Tune, Burton Hall.

1.

Rowze up Great *Monarch*
 In the Royal Cause ;
 The Great Defender
 Of our Faith and Laws :
 Now, now, or never,
 Crush the Serpent's Head,
 Or else the Poyson
 Through the Land will spread.
 The Noble Mayor,
 And his two Loyal *Sherievs*,
 Bearing the Sword's, assaulted
 By Usurping Thieves,
 Who their *Rebellious Ryots*
 Would maintain by Law :
 Ob! London! London!
 Where's thy Justice now ?

G

Smite,

2.

Smite, smite, the Shakes
 Did first their Scing reveal,
 Stabbing thy Royal
 Brother in the Heel;
 And struck so many
 Loyal Martyr's dead,
 Now in the Sun
 Flies boldly at the Head.
 Slaves that resist
 All Power but their own;
 He that would usurp the Chair,
 Would next usurp the Throne,
 Who neither Royal Heir
 Nor Loyal Mayors allow:
 Oh! London! London!
 Where's thy Charter now?

3.

London, of Faction's
 The eternal Spring,
 Yet so much favour'd
 By a Gracious King;
 Who does such Deeds
 That have no parallel,
 Only to teach
 Thy Children to Rebel.
 This will record thee
 In the Books of Fame;
 This bold Attempt no Law,
 Nor Precedent can claim:
 Blood and the Crown, Papillion
 And Dubois out-do:
 Oh! London! London!
 Where's thy Charter now?

Was this the way

Your Ryots to repair;

In spight o' th' *Charter*,

To Arrest the *Mayor*?

And gamst the *Sb'riffs*

Your sham *Actions* bring,

'Cause justly chosen,

And approv'd by th' *King*?

What call you this, but *Treason*?

Whilst the *Fool*

That did Arrest the *Mayor*

Expects himself to Rule;

And, save his own, no other

Power would allow:

ob! *London! London!*

Where's thy *Charter* now?

Hang up the *Faction's* Heads

That dare oppose

The *Sword* of *Justice*,

And the *Ancient* *Laws*

Who in his *Office*

Dare Arrest the *Mayor*,

Disowns the *Pow'r*

That plac'd Him in the *Chair*.

Tantara, ra-ra!

Let the *Trumpets* sound,

Double all your *Guards*, and let

The *Cen't'nels* stand their *ground*

He that Arrests the *Mayor*,

Would bind the *Monarch* too:

ob! *London! London!*

Where's thy *Charter* now?

*London's Lamentation for the loss of
their Charter.*

Tune, Packington's Pound.

1.

YOU Free-men, and Masters, and Prentices
mourn, [lorn:

For now You are left with your Charter for-
Since London was London, I dare boldly say,
For your Ryes you never so dearly did pay;

In Westminster-hall

Your Dagon did fall,

That caus'd You to Rye and Muriny all:

*Oh London! Oh London! Thou'dst better had none,
Than thus with thy Charter to vie with the Throne.*

2.

*Oh London! Oh London! how cou'dst Thou
Against thy Defender Thy Crimes to defend?*

*Thy Freedoms and Rights from kind Princes did
spring,*

And yet in contempt thou withstandest Thy
With bold brazen Face [King:

They pleaded Thy Case, [place:

In hopes to the Charter the King wou'd give

*Oh London! Thou'dst better no Charter at all,
Than thus for Rebellion thy Charter shou'd fall.*

3.

Since Britains to London came over to dwell,
You had an old Charter, to buy and to sell;
And whilst in Allegiance each honest man lives,
Then you had a Charter for Lord Mayor and She-
But when, with Your Guide, [riffs:
You began to backslide,

And

And London of Factions did run wth Tide,
Then London, Oh London! 'tis time to withdraw,
Lest the flood of Your Factions the Land over-flow.

When Faction and fury of Rebels prevail'd;
When Coblers were Kings, & Monarchs were jail'd;
When Masters in Tumults their Prentices led,
And the Tail did begin to make war with the Head;
When Thomas and Kate [Head];
Did bring in their Plate,

T^uphold the Old Cause of the Rump of the State
Then tell me, Oh London! I pray thee now tell,
Hadst thou e'r a Charter to Fight and Rebel?

When zealous Sham Sheriffs the City oppose,
In spite of the Charter, the King, and the Laws,
And make such a Ryot and Rout in the Town,
That never before, such a Racket was known;
When Ryoters dare
Arrest the Lord May'r,

And force the King's Substitute out of the Chair
Oh London! whose Charter is now on the Lees,
Did Your Charter e'r warrant such actions as these?

Alas for the Brethren! what now must they do,
For choosing Whig Sheriffs and Burgesses too?
The Charter with Patience is gone to the pot,
And the Doffor is lost in the depth of the Plot;
St. Stephen his Flagl

No more will prevail,
Nor Sir Robert's Dagger, the Charter to bail:
Oh London! Thou'dst better have lain in the Fire,
Than thus thy old Charter shou'd stick in the Mire.

7. [Pride,
 But since with your Folly, your Faction and
 You sink with the *Charter*, who strove with the
 Let all the lost Rivers return to the Main [Tide,
 From whence they descended; They'l spring
 Submit to the King [out again;
 In every thing,

Then of a *New Charter New Sonnets* we'll sing:
 As *London*, (the *Phoenix* of *England*,) ne'r dies,
 So out of the Flames a new *Charter* will rise.

The *Wine-Coopers* Delight, Tune of
The Delights of the Bottle.

T He Delights of the Bottle are turn'd out
 of doors,

By Factions Fanatical sons of damn'd Whores.
French Wines Prohibition, meant no other thing
 But to Poyson the Subject, & begger the King.
 Good Nature's suggested with Dregs like to
 choak her, [Cooper

Of falsom flum'd Wine by the cursed Wine-
 [much,

Our plaguy Wine-Cooper has tamper'd so
 To find out the subtilty of the false *Dutch*.
 He tinctures prickt *White-wine*, that never was
 good, [bloud:

Fill it mantles, and sparkles & looks like *Balls*
 But when it declines, and its Spirits expire,
 He adds more Ingredients, and makes it look
 [higher

His old rotten Pipes where he keeps all his *Trash*
 For fear they should burst; Sir, he boops them
 with *Ash*. When

When the *Sophistication* begins for to froth,
And boils on the *Fret*, Sir, he wisely pulls forth
A *Tap*, which gives vent to the grounds of the
And then is to vamp up a second *Red Nose*. (*Cause*,

Then this dingy *Wine-Cooper* stops it up again,
And keeps it unvented till 'tis all on a flame.
The *Intelligences* then were invented to show,
Where *Wine* of strange *Vertues* in plenty did flow,
People from all parts of the *Nation* did come,
Both *Lords*, *Knights* and *Gentlemen*, *Docters* & *Bum*.

The *Cooper* then pulls the *Tap* out of his side,
And drinks to the *Elders* of all the good *Tribe*.
But when they had gull'd about all the *Boys*,
They found a strange freedom it gave to their *Souls*
Of secrets in *Nature* that never were known,
It gave *Inspiration* from *Beggar* to *Throne*.

For the *Cooper* himself full *Brimmers* did draw,
And all the whole *Gang* were oblig'd to do so.
Amongst these *Gabals* there was no such thing,
As a *Health* once propos'd to the *D.* or the *King*.
But drank to that *Idol* of *Hopes* in their *Powers*.
And *Sons* of most *Infamous Hackney old Whores*.

[from Ben
Then the *Rable* had notice from *Smith* and
What a *Heavenly Lignor* was sent amongst men.
Both *Tinkers* and *Coblers* the *Broom* men and *Sweep*,
Before this *Wine-Cooper* in *Flocks* they did meet;
And each under-foot stamp'd his old greasy *Bonnet*
To drink *M--th's Health*, *Boys*, where'r come on it.

The *Cooper* preceiving his *Trade* to approach,
He then was resolved once more to debauch

To

To encourage the *Rable*, and shew himself stout,
 He pull'd out the *Spigot* amongst the whole *Rout*
 Which kindness provok'd them to swear they
 would bring [a *King*.
 Such a *Trade* to his House as wou'd make him

A *Hat* or a *Bottle* was still at the *Tap*; [Fat.
 For *Zealots* sometimes laid their *Mouths* to the
 They charg'd their brisk *Bumpers* so many times
 round,
 Till part of the *Mobile* sprawl'd on the ground:
 But when this dam'd *Liquor* was got in their
 Pates,
 They fell to *Bum-basting*, *Disord'ring* of *States*.

They began to cant *Dangers* by formal *Sedition*
 And swear lawful *Allegiance* against lawful *Sins*.
 When these *Propositions* began to take *Fire*. [cession.
 They screw'd their *Presumptions* a hole or two
 higher,
 But still they keep under *Hugh Peters's* Cloak,
 To bring in the *Devil*, to drive out the *Pope*.

But then they began for to pick at the *Crown*
 Each thinking that he deserv'd one of his own.
 Then all the *Kings Guards* they thought fit to
 indict, [King's Right.
 Swear *Treason* 'gainst all that maintain'd the
 Both *Papists* and *Protestants* no matter whether,
 They are not of our party, let's hang 'em together,
 [King poor,

Next the chief of our *Game* is to keep the
 And our *Senators* must the *Militia* secure.

The *Navy* & *Cingue-ports* we'll have in our hands,
 And

And then we'll make th' *Kingdom* obey our
 Commands. [to fight,
 Then if *Charles* do withstand us, we need not
 To make *Eighty one* to out-do *Forty eight*.

What ever *Objections* great *Loyalists* bring,
 Old *Adam* liv'd happy without e'r a *King*. [he,
 Then why may not we, that are much wiser than
 Subdue the whole *World*, Sir, by our *Sou'raignty*:
 If one man alone can keep three *Nations* under,
 Then why may not *We* that are *Kings* without
 [number?

Right, said the *Cooper*, & shak'd his old *Noddle*,
 Three *Kingdoms* we'll toss, like a *Child* in a *Cradle*
 Strick close to this *Liquor* which I do prepare,
 'I will make us as splendid as *Nall* in his *Chair*,
 We'll kindle old *Plots*, by contriving of new,
 Till none shall be safe but the *Cooper* and You.

O brave *Boys*! O brave *Boys*! the *Rabble* did rore,
Tantivies and *Tories* shall *Hector* no more;
 By 'us they're out-acted, so 'us they shall bend,
 Whilst we to our *Dignities* freely ascend,
 Then they were dead-drunk as the *Devil* cou'd
 make 'em, [wake 'em:
 And fell fast asleep, as ten *Drums* could not
 [paddle,

In the *Piss* and the *Spew* the poor *Cooper* did
 To stop up his *Tap*, but the *Knave* was not able,
 For his *Limbs* like a *Tortoise* did shrivel & crease,
 Down drops the *Wine-Cooper* with the other *Beasts*
 And there the whole *Litter* as yet doth abide,
 At the *Sign* of the *Butt*, with the *Tap* in his side.

A Song upon the King *Poland*, and the
 Prince o' the *Land of Promise*. Tune,
Hold fast thy Crown and Scepter, Charles

1. Prince.

O *Poland* Menster of our Isle,
 Corruption of our Age;
 Which on my Infant Hours didst smile,
 Till thou inflam'dst the Rage
 Of my Ambitious Soul, to fore
 Above its defil'd Sphear;
 And, *Icarus*-like, I now must low'r,
 Transform'd into Despair.

2.

Now all my Trophies of Success,
 Are in Oblivion drown'd;
 And none for Me dare now Address,
 Where I hop'd to be Crown'd.
 Fby thy false blind Plots am sham'd,
 Fool'd from a Glorious sway,
 Snatch'd from a Father's Arms, and Damn'd,
 Like all that Disobey.

3.

Thou call'dst my nearest Friends at Court,
 Soft, easie, absurd Tools;
 That Kings were but for Sates-Men's Sport,
 The Council Knaves and Fools.
 But I, poor I, find now too late,
 Your *Polish* Grace can lye;
 None prov'd more weak at the Foys of State,
 Than poor silly *Tom*, and I.

4.

Now, that Imperial Crown, which thou

For me so fit hadst made,
 Is fain and broke, I know not how,
 And all our Wiles betray'd;
 Our full Cabals, and Whipping-Treats,
 Retrench'd to secret Holes:
Treason the strength Our Greariness waits
 In these rough reared Walls.

5. *Poland.*

Thou mighty Prince, by me Elect,
 I th' Land of Promise Sways;
 Thy rim'rous Soul is the defect
 Of our declining Days.
 What brighter Prospect canst propose,
 To Magnifie thy Name,
 Than Hearts, and Arms, and Power of Those,
 That Rule both Law and Fame.

6.

The Rustick Swains want not the Word,
 No Magazines, nor Horse;
 'Zwounds Sixty Thousand by the Sword,
 Defy both Fate and Curse.
 They'll lay three Kingdoms at our Feet,
 In Blood and mangled Brains;
 Then the Train-Bands, Cinque-Ports, and Fleet,
 At our Command remains.

7.

Though Rowley, and his Brother Joyns,
 And wheel's around the Park;
 Like two Yock'd Oxen, Tugs and Twines,
 'Gainst our Designs i th' Dark,
 And wisely weighs; Their Wits have wrought
 Our Potent Parties Fall;
 That Conquest must be dearer bought,
 Else Tony Hangs for all.

8. We

We have reserv'd Machines in Store,
To raise more daring Flames,
Then Mortals ere Conspir'd before;
Or Damned Furies Frames.

If e'r a Parliament be call'd,
Our Representatives there
Shall Scorn to be out-box'd, or bawl'd,
In Country, Town, or Shire.

Then every Member of the Cause,
Amidst the Rable Rude,
Who shall decide the Poll with blows,
And quash the Tory Crowd.
Then stick to Time, whilst Heads are hot,
Our Force together brings:
If this best PLOT, at last fail not,
By Christ, we'll Both be Kings!

The Hunting of the Fox.

Tune, *Now the Tories that Glories, &c.*

Hay Jowler, Ringwood, and Towner,
Ho Smoaker, Drunkard, and Fly;
Sweet-lips, Light-foot, and Bowzer;
Brave Bowman, Lofly, and Cry;
And four and twenty brave Couple,
To make a Pack for the Downs,
Sure footed, and your Limbs supple;
The Scent's hot yet on the Grounds,
The Old White Fox is got loose again;
We think he's gone to kerch Goose again:
His Cubs they sculk and desert amain.
Come let's beleaguer their Holes:

For

For they're past Evil ; to th' Devil
We'll send 'em with thread-bare Souls.

2.

They have left the City, 'tis pity,
And their damn'd Party i'th Lurch :
If to be Hang'd, 'twould be pretty,
For Treason 'gainst King and Church.
For Cinque-ports, Venus and Juno ;
For Champion, Thunder and Spark ;
Let Swift beat for Caroline,
And Noſey wind 'em i'th' dark.
Like Wasps and Flies, they would bite us ;
As Wolves do Sheep, they would treat us ;
Like Crocodiles, they would eat us ;
They thirst for Innocent Blood :
Then never scruple, but grapple
For King and Country's Good.

3.

Round the Dimension o' th' Nation,
Beat all the Banks on the Shore ;
And some leap o're the main Ocean,
If they are gone before.
O surround 'em, confound 'em,
From Sea-Port to City-Walls ;
If there they venture to shelter,
'Zounds tear them out of their Holes ;
For making Church into Stables,
And vamping Kings up of Baubles,
And forgoing Plots out of Fables,
And seizing Kings in a trice ;
That the crooked Piper might vapour
Like Rat amongst Fifteen Mice.

4.

Scoure the Globe to the Axels,

H

From

From Pole to Pole; then retire,
And center at Mother *Cresnels*,

The Fox us'd to Harbour there:
There, there both Wives, Whores and Virgins,
He had them all at his Call,
T'oblige his Caprains and Surgeons,
'Till better Occasions fall.

At *Oxford* late all his Cubs and He,
To the *Exclusion* did all agree;
Could not budge further, 'till sign'd and free.
Yet *Rowley* roused the Rump,
And sent 'em all to *Peg Trantams*;
And *Tapsky's* worn to the *Strump*.

Oh, *Swift's* returned, and *Noser*,
Their Hoofs are batter'd with Greet:
The Game shews by the Opposer,
He's lodg'd in *Aldersgate-Street*.
Come ring a Peal with a Courage,
The Grains o'th' Tap makes a Train;
He lurks in Hole to make Forrage
Of all that uses his Name.
We'll fetch him out with *Mandamus*,
And hang him with *Ignoramus*;
There's none but Rebels can blame us:
More Pardons let him not hope;
For all his Squinting and Blinking,
He must to th' Harchet or Rope.

Dagon's Fall. Tune, Philander, &c.

A H Cruel Bloody Fate!
What canst thou now do more?
Alas! 'tis now too late
Poor *Teney* to restore:

Why
Alas! Cruel

Why should the flattering Fates persuade,
 That *Toney* still should live,
 In *England* here,
 Or in *Holland* there,
 Yet all our hopes deceive?

A Noble Peer He was,
 And of Notorious Fame;
 But now He's gone (alas!)
 A Pilgrim o're the Main:
 The Prop and Pillar of our hope
 The Patron of our Cause,
 The Scorn and Hate
 Of Church and State,
 The Urchin of the Laws,

3.
 Of matchless Policy
 Was this Renowned Peer,
 The bane of Monarchy,
 The Peoples Hope and Fear,
 The Joy of all True Protestants,
 The *Tories* Scorn and Dread;
 But now He's gone
 Who curst the Throne,
 Alas! poor *Toney's* dead.

4.
 For Commonwealth he stood,
 Pretending Liberty;
 And for the Publick Good
 Would pull down Monarchy:
 The Church and State he would divorce,
 The Holy Cause to wed:
 And in time did hope
 To confound the Pope,
 To be himself the Head.

T. T. common

5.

A *Tap* in's side he bore,
 To broach all sorts of Ill,
 For which Seditious Store
 The Crowd ador'd him still:
 He spit his Venom through the Town,
 With which the Saints possess'd,
 Would preach and pray
 'Gainst Church and State,
 While He perform'd the rest.

6.

When any change of State
 Or Mischief was at hand,
 He had a working Pare,
 And Devil at command:
 He forg'd a *Plot*, for which the Heads
 Of Faction gave their Votes;
 But now the *Plot*
 Is gone to pot,
 What will become of Oates?

7.

Under the fair pretence
 Of *Right, Religion, Law*,
 Excluding the *True Prince*,
 The Church would overthrow:
 With such Religious Shams he brought
 The Rabble on his side;
 And, for his sport,
 The *Town* and *Court*
 In *Parties* would divide.

8.

Now what's become of all
 His squinting Policy,
 Which wrought your *Dagon's Fall*,
 From Justice forc'd to flee? Old

Old and Decrepid, full of pains,

As he of Guilt was full :

He fell to Fate,

And now (too late)

He leaves us to condole.

9.

Now, learn ye *Whigs* in time,

By his deserved fall,

To expiate his Crime,

E're Fate revenge you all ;

For *Rights*, *Religion*, *Liberty*,

Are but the sham-pretence

To *Anarchy* ;

But *Loyalty*

Obeys the Lawful Prince :

Hue-and-Song after *Patience Ward*.

Tune, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades*.

1.

Hail to *London* fair Town,

All hail to the *Mayor* and the *Sbrievs* ;

Hail to the *Scarlet Gown*,

Whose Sentence our *Patience* grieves :

Justice and Law hath prevail'd,

With *Patience* a *Verdict* to find,

'Gainst *Patience*, whose Conscience fail'd ;

Oh *Patience* ! why art so blind ?

2.

Patience, the joy of the Town,

The comfort and hope of the Crowd ;

Patience, who got renown,

By *Perjury*, *Lies* and *Fraud* :

Patience who ne'r had the Heart

H.3,

His

His Sovereign's Rights to maintain;
 But *Patience* he had the Art
 To Swear and Forswear again:

Patience for Church and for State,
 And *Patience* for Meetings by stealth;
Patience, who wou'd translate
 The State to a Commonwealth:
 Whose Zeal has his *Patience* betray'd,
 To lie for the Saints in distress;
 Nay, tho' he's Forsworn, ('tis said,)
 He Swore he could do no less.

Patience, whose Zeal did contrive
 The Monument Figures and Spire,
 That while there's a Papist alive
 We may not forget the Fire:
 The Pillory now is his Lot,
 He has rais'd such a flame with his Crew,
 That London is now too hot;
 Oh *Patience*! where art thou now?

Patience for Zeal to the Cause,
 Did preach to the Captives in Goal;
Patience, with great applause,
 Gave large to an Hospital:
 To use now his Money may lend,
 For Pomfret he'll never more stand,
 Nor Warrants for Thompson send,
 I 'please Titus o'th' Perjur'd Band.

Patience with Coller of Brass,
 To woful Disasters did fall;
Patience with Copper Face,
 And a Conscience worse than all; To

To *Holland*, to *Holland* he goes;
 For plainly now it appears,
 That (in spight of all *Whiggish Laws*,)
Ignoramus can't save his *Ears*.

7.

Some say that the *Saints* may not *Swear*,
 But Lie ev'n as much as they can;
 Yet *Patience* in spight on's *Ears*,
 Will *Swear* and *For swear* again:
 That *Patience* should be so far lost,
 Alas! who with *Patience* can bear?
 That a *Saint* should be *Knight o'th' Pest*,
 And an *Elder* without an *Ear*.

8.

Let ev'ry good Subject with Me,
 Who *Patience* a *Virtue* doth praise,
 Lest he fall into *Perjury*,
 With *Patience* pray for *Grace*,
 But now I with *Patience* have done,
 Lest with *Patience* I keep such a *Rout*,
 That astray more with *Patience* run,
 And weary your *Patience* out.

A new SONG on the Arrival of Prince
George, and his Intermarriage with
 the Lady *Anne*. Tune, *Old Jeremy*.

1.

Prince *George* at last is come,
 Fill every man his *Bumper*;
 For the Valiant *Dane* make room,
 Confusion to each *Rumper*,
 And every prodigal starch'd *Fool*
 Aspires unto a *Crown*,

By

By hopes of Plotting *Knaves* to Rule;
Who next wou'd pull Him down,

2.

Preserve Great *Charles* our King,
And His Illustrious Brother.
Whilst *Whigs* in Halsters swing,
And hang up one another:
The joyful *Bridegroom* and the *Bride*,
Prince *George* of Royal Race,
Of all the Swains the Joy and Pride,
The Subject of their Lays.

3.

Brave *George* He is a Lad
With all Perfections shining;
With every Virtue clad,
And every Grace refining:
But oh! of such a war-like Race,
So Conqu'ring are his Charms,
No *Mars* in Field, but must give place
To His Victorious Arms.

4.

Brave *George*, Great *Denmark's* Son,
(A stout and war-like Nation)
By Birth to *England's* Crown
A near and dear Relation;
But now the Knot is doubly ty'd,
Which makes him still more near,
The Knot which *Knaves* would have destroy'd,
By cutting off the *Heir*.

5.

But now the Tribe's dispers'd,
Their Projects are defeated,
Which *Walcot* and the rest
Did hope to have completed:

And

And now they'l pay for all their scores,
 Who for that *Int'rest* stood,
 And let 'em hang for Sons of Whores,
 Who thirst for *Royal Blood*.

6

Poor *Perkin*! where's the hope
 Of all thy high promoting?
 Now, *Bully Tom*, a Rope
 Must crown thy Cheats and Plotting:
 Let *Ferguson* with *Gray* escape,
 They safe are ev'ry-where,
 If *Murder*, *Treason*, *Lust* and *Rape*
 Can pass unpunish'd here,

7

Let *M——b* for a Crown,
 That hopeful Prince so Loyal,
 Away with Rebels run,
 To raise an Army Royal:
 Brave *George* for *England* scorns to fly,
 Old *Jemmy* stout as He,
 Their Plots and Malice we despise,
 And all their Treachery,

8

May Heav'n, which him did raise
 O' th' *Protestant* Profession,
 In His Immortal Race
 Maintain the just Succession,
 That no pretending *Bastard* bold
 In time to come may dare
 His lawless Title romphold,
 Against the lawful Heir.

A new Song made by a Person of Quality, and sung before His Majesty at Winchester. Tune, Cook Lawrel.

A Tory came late through Westminster-hall,
And as he past by heard a Citizen bawl;
The Judges are Perjur'd, and we are undone,
Our Liberty's lost, and our Charter is gone.

This comes of our Prating since Colledge is dead;
This comes of our Plotting without Tony's Head:
For he had more wit in his Treason by half,
As he hook'd himself on, he crook'd himself off.

He scarce had said this when a Baron approach'd
That ruin'd two Sisters, the younger debauch'd:
The Reasons he cry'd, I'm loath to describe,
He would have a Maiden-head out of the Tribe.

The next came a Peer, & a Knight of great Fame,
One Famous for Stabbing, the other was Lame;
O Heavens! in what a strange Age do we dwell,
When Bully's Reform, and Cripples Rebel.

With them the Sweet Speaker, W. W. — I saw,
His Head full of Projects, but empty of Law;
For he 'tis observ'd has been dull as a Dog
Since Pe-n baroon'd him for calling him Rog.

Peart Wa--op and Win--on, Mutinies breed,
Yet still in the Cause, for no purpose are Fee'd
For Craddock will offer himself for a Drudge;
If either of them will be fit for a Judge.

7.

Old Ma — — rd, all ages in *Faction* was chief;
Now Mumbles by rote, ne'r looks in his Brief:
But rotten *Rebellion* will never last long,
He spit out his *Teeth*, & will cough out his *Tongue*.

8.

Now by the Re — — er new Cards must be plaid,
That Body of Law with a *Sarazens-Head*,
That (Span'el-like) sawns on the *King* to his face
And yet makes the *Whigs* just amends for his
[place.

9.

For Magistrate *Patience*, I plainly confess,
I've little to say, because he's in Distress;
But he that sat once in th' *Cities* great Chair,
Would a *Pillory* grace; so I wish he were there.

10.

Dubois and *Papillion*, the *Cities* sham *Shrieves*,
Whose *Truth* and whose *Loyalty* no man believes;
That Arrested the *Mayor* and no danger forswore,
To keep from self-hanging I leave to the Law.

11.

[boast.
For Law they complain'd, of the *Lawyers* they
They'r pleas'd, till by Law they their *ch* had lost:
Law, Law, was the cry of the *Mutinous Crew*,
The *Devil's* in't if they ha'n't Law enough now.

12.

[poor,
Scribe *Cl — n's* Wife deckt with the spoils of the
Embroider'd in *Scarlet* like *Babylon's Whore*;
But let me advise him to strip off her Red,
And make her a *Peticoat* of her *Green-Bed*.

13.

[Whore
Old *Pl — yer* grown rampant, late pickt up a
And swore he'd recant, & be *Whiggish* no more;
By *Tories* made Drunk in the *Company's* view.
The

The Saint kist her *C...* and drank healths in her
 14 [Shoe.

Now listen ye *Whigs*, and hear what I speak,
 A *Monarch* (like *Heaven* can give and can take;
 But you for *Rebellion* no Reason can bring,
 So hang your selves all; and God save the King.

The *New-market* SONG Tune,
 Old Symon the King.

I.
THe Golden Age is come,
 The Winter-storms are gone,
 The Flowers spread, and Bloom,
 And smile to see the Sun;
 Who daily gilds each Grove,
 And calms the Air and Seas,
 Dame Nature seems in Love,
 And all the World's at ease:
 You Rogue so saddle Ball,
 I'll to *New-market* scour,
 You never mind when I call,
 I should have been there this hour;
 For there is all Sporting and Game,
 Without any plotting of State;
 From *Whigs*, and another such *Sham*,
 Deliver us, deliver us, O Fate!
 Let's be to each other a' rey,
 To be cheated be ev'ry ones Lot;
 Or chous'd any sort of a way,
 But by another Damn'd Plot.
 Let Cullies that lose at the Race
 Go venture at *Hazard*, and win;
 And he that is bubb'd at *Dice*,
 Recover't at *Cocking* again:

Let

Let Jades that are founder'd be bought,
 Let Jockeys play *Crimp* to make sport;
 For 'faith it was strange, methought,
 to see *Vintner* beat the Court.

2.

Each corner of the Town
 Rings with perpetual noise,
 The *Oyster* bawling Clown
 Joyns with *hot Pudding-pies*
 And both in Consort keep,
 To vend their stinking Ware,
 The drowzy God of Sleep
 Hath no Dominion there.

Hey boys! the Jockeys roar.
 If the Mare and the Gelding run,
 I'll hold you Five Guineys to Four
 He bears her, and gives half a Hone.

God d---me, quoth Bully, 'tis done,
 Or else I'm a Son of a Whore;
 And saith you'd I meet with the man
 Would offer it, would offer it once more.

See, see the damn'd Fate of the Town!
 A Fop that was starving of late,
 And scarcely cou'd borrow a Crown,
 Puts in to run for the Plate,

Another makes chousing a Trade,
 And dreams of his Projects to come,
 And many a Crimp match has made,
 By bribing another man's Groom.

The Towns-men are *Whiggish*, God rot 'em,
 Their hearts are but Loyal by fits;
 For, shou'd you search to the bottom,
 They're as nasty as their Streets.

I

But

But now all hearts beware;
 See, see on yonder Downs?
 Beauty now triumphs there,
 And at this distance wounds:

In the *Amazonian Wars*
 Thus all the *Virgins* shone,
 And, like the glittering Stars,
 Paid homage to the Moon.

Love proves a Tyrant now,
 And there doth proudly dwell;
 For each stubborn heart must bow,
 He has found a new way to kill:

For ne'r was invented before
 Such Charms of additional Grace
 Nor has *Divine Beauty* such Pow'r
 In ev'ry, in ev'ry fair Face.

Ods bud, cries my Country-man John,
 Was ever the like before seen?
 By Hats and by Feathers they've on,
 He took 'em e'n all for men:

Embroider'd and fine as the Sun,
 Their Horses and Trappings of Gold;
 Such a sight I shall ne'r see again,
 If I live to a hundred years old.

This, this is the Countreys discourse
 All wondring at this rare sight:
 Then Roger go saddle my Horse,
 For I will be there to night.

A New Song on the Fan, Plot, Tune Hey Boys up go We.

Now, now the Plot is all come out,
That caus'd our Doubts and Fears,
And all the Tribe that made the Rour,
Both *Commoners* and *Peers*;
The mighty Parrns of the Cause,
Gainst *Pagan Popery*,
Who rais'd a *Gibbet* for our Foes,
And hey Boys up go we.

2.

With Sanctify'd Religious Zeal
The Brethren did agree
To raise our Ancient *Commonweal*
On Christian Liberty:
To undermine the Church and State,
And blow up *Monarchy*;
But now, alas! 'tis our own Fate,
And hey Boys up go We.

3.

A Holy Covenant we took,
To Sacrifice the *King*,
And next to him the *Royal Duke*,
A Bloody Offering;
For which, according to the Vote,
The *Papists* all shou'd die;
But now the *Saints* have chang'd their note,
And hey Boys up go we.

Our Zealous Covenanting *Saints*,
Affociating *Peers*,
Each Heart for fear with *Patience* pants,
To lose more than his Fars;
Toney's dead, and *M-----'s* fled,
The Helm is turn'd a Lee
The Plot (the Nail) is knock'd o'th' head,
And hey then up go we.

I. 2

No

No longer may the *Papists* boast
 Their Bloody black Designs ;
 Old *Rome* thy Ancient Glory's lost,
 For all thy Learn'd Divines :
 For Royal Murders, Treasons base,
 And marchless Trachery,
 The *Jesuits* must now give place,
 And *hey Boys up go we.*

6.

How well did we contrive the Plot,
 And laid it at their Door,
 For which old *Stafford* went to por,
 And many guiltless more ;
 But now the Tide is come about,
 The Truth of all we see,
 And when the Murder all is out,
 Then *hey Boys up go we.*

7.

Ramsay's Gold, and *Rumbold* bold,
 Conspire to kill the King,
 And *Pickering* in fatal hold,
 Must answer for the thing ;
Melthorp, West, and all the rest,
 With *Perkin* may agree,
 To be o'th' Tower nor Throne posselt ;
 Then *hey Boys up go we.*

8.

Our City *Ryots* and Country *Routs*,
 That to Rebellion tend,
 Our Races, and our Hunting-bouts,
 In Insurrections end ;
 The Rebel now is catch'd i'th' Snare
 He laid for Monarchy ;
 At last the Gallows claims its share,
 Then *hey Boys up go we.*

The

(101)

The Conspiracy; or, the discovery of
the Fanatick Plot. Tune, Let Oli-
ver now be forgotten, &c.

Let Pickering now be forgotten,
Old Rumbold has wip'd off his scores;
Since Presbyter Jack went a Plotting,
The Jesuits turn'd out of Dores:
For Brewing, twilling of Treason,
King-killing without reason,
Of all the Pack,
Noble or Peasant,
None can exceed old Presbyter Jack.

2.

First, the hot *Señaries* Voted,
'Twas Treason to Murder the King;
And next the bold *Regicides* Plotted
To compass the very same Thing:
Their Votes and Arbitrary Power,
That sent the Lords to the Tower,
We now see plain,
Every hour,
They'd the old Game play over again.

3.

Ramsey and Rumbold indentured
At Hodsdon their Ambush to bring;
But Heav'n and the Fire prevented,
And Providence guarded the King:
The Whigs the Treason propounded;
But when the Trumpet sounded
For Cambridge-shire,
All were confounded,
Taken or fled both Peasant and Peer.

13

4. Min.

4.

Monmouth for *Wit*, who was able
To make to a Crown a preference,
The Head and the Hope of the Rabble,

A *Loyal* and *Politick* Princee:

But now He's gone into *Holland*,

To be a King of no-Land,

Or else must be

Monarch of *Poland*,

Was ever Son so *Loyal* as He?

5.

Lord Gray, and *Armstrong* the Bully,

That *Prudent* and *Politick* Knights,

Who made of His Grace such a Cully,

Together have taken their flight:

Is this your *Races*, *Horse-matches*,

His Grace's swift *Dispatches*

From *Shire* to *Shire*?

Under the *Hatches*,

Now *above-Deck* you dare not appear.

6.

Brave Russell and *Sidney* the Bully,

That stood for the holy *Old Cause*;

And *Trenchard* drawn in for a Cully,

In spight of *Allegiance* and *Laws*;

And *Wildman* too, with his *Cannon*,

With *Walcot*, *Smith* and *Aaron*,

With *Mead* and *Bourn*,

Every Man, on

To *Tyburn* goes the next in his Turn.

7.

Next *Valiant* and *Noble Lord H—*

That formerly dealt in *Lamb's-moot*,

And knows what it is to be *Tower'd*,

By *Impeaching* may fill the *Jayls* full:

And

And next to him Cully Brandon
 The Wit; and famous Hambden
 Must take his place,
 Who did abandon
 All Loyalty, Religion and Grace:
 Hone and Rose, the King and His Brother
 That they were to kill 'em confest,
 And now they hang up one another,
 Holms, Blaney, Lee, Walcot and West:
 May all such Traytors discarded,
 To Tyburn be well guarded,
 And ev'ry thing
 Be so rewarded,
 That would oppose so Gracious a King.

R U S S E L's Farewel Tune,
 Oh, the merry Christ Church Bells, &c.

O H, the mighty Innocence
 Of Russel, Bedford's Son
 That dy'd for the Plot,
 Whether Guilty, or nor,
 By his last (Equivocating) Speech!
 By the words of a dying man,
 I here protest I know no Plot
 'Gainst the Life of the King, Or Government,
 Either by Action, or Intent.
 Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy, fy, my Lord,
 What are you about to do?
 To sink to Hell
 By th' sound of your Knell,
 Both Soul and Body too.

2. Oh,
 b'ngish boy (and) 184V2. Oh,
 b'ngish boy (and) 184V2.

Oh, the shallow memory
 Of this blood-thirsty Lord !
 T'deny and confess,
 And all to express
 His guilty Insolence the more :
 I at Mr. *Shepherd's* house
 Did hear some little slight discourse,
 How easie 'twas the Guards to seize ;
 Yet I am guiltless, if you please ;
 No, no, no, no, no, no, my Lord,
 Your Guilt's too plainly seen,
 And *M —* too,
 With *Shaftsbury's* Crew,
 To destroy both King and Queen

3

Next your Lordship does protest,
 No man had ever yet
 That Impudence
 Against his Prince,
 To your face to propose any foul Design :
 Then you confess immediately,
 At the House of Politick *Shaftsbury*
 You heard such words
 Were sharp as Swords,
 The worst can be thought or *English* affords ;
 Which rais'd your Righteous Spirit to
 Exclaim against their sense ;
 Yet this you conceal'd,
 And never reveal'd,
 Till in your blind Defence.

4

Po'ery (your Lordship says)
 Is Bloody and unjust ;
 What then) you design'd
 With those you combin'd,

Was

Was farce, to jest our Lives away;
 For when the Duke of Monmouth came
 T'acquaint your Honour of his Fear
 Of being undone by the heat of some,
 Too violent for the bloody Cause,
 Away you go to *Shepherd's* strait,
 Where pernicious words were said,
 In Passion all,
 With Judgment small,
 But consequence of Dread.

From the time of choosing *Sheriffs*,
 I did conclude the heat
 Would this produce;
 That's no excuse,
 But just Confession of the Fact.
 Presently your Lordship says,
 For farther Confirmation still,
 You are not surpriz'd to find it fall,
 On your Honour you deserv'd it all:
 Immediately you would proclaim
 Aloud your Innocence.
 Why your Lordship's mad,
 In a Cause so bad,
 To put that Sham-pretence.

O ye True-blew Protestants,
 Whose times are yet to come,
 You see your Fate;
 Early or late
 Follow you must, 'tis all your Doom.
 M^r *tb, Armstrong, Ferguson,*
Gray, Goodenough the Under-Shrieve,
 With all your Ignoramus Crew,

That

That Justice hate, and Treason brew;
Scaffold, Tyburn, Halter, Ax,
Those Instruments of Death,
As 'tis your due,
May't you pursue,
Till you resign your Breath.

*Eustace Comines the Irish Evidence, his
Farewel to England. Tune, O bone, O bone*

1.

Bee me Shoul and Shoulvation,
O bone, O bone.

I'll go to mee own Nawtion:

O bone, O bone.

Old Tony hence is fled,

And Russel lost his Head;

I starve for want of Bread,

O bone, O bone.

2.

This Sawey English Plor,

O bone, O bone.

Did make Ours go to Pot:

O bone, O bone.

What shall I do to go?

Let me flee, O be! O be!

Pox take me if I know:

O bone, O bone.

3.

My fauce does red wid Shame,

O bone, O bone.

That ever here I came:

O bone, O bone

Ten, Twenty Curse upon

Sham Justice Waddington,
Who made me first leave Home,

O bone, O bone.

4.

A Gra Eustace, he did say

O bone, O bone.

You moyle for a Groat a day:

O bone, O bone.

A Plot Office now is ope,

I will advance your Hope,

If you'll Swear against the Pope,

O bone, O bone.

5.

Be Creest I will, said I,

O bone, O bone.

Tell you ten hundred Lye,

O bone, O bone.

I'll Swear dem in and out,

Wee'l have a merry bout,

And make a Rabble rout,

O bone, O bone.

6.

We came to Westminster,

O bone, O bone.

Den he call'd me Maister,

O bone, O bone.

I swore by Fait and Trote,

And by my Beeble oate,

(What wee'd agreed on bore,)

O bone, O bone.

7.

Then I was put in pay,

O bone, O bone.

Had five, six Groat a day,

O bone, O bone.

Which

Which did fine Clouds afford,
 Instead of Spawde, a Sword;
 I knew not mee self good Lord,
O bone, O bone.

But soon my Maistrer Rogue,
O bone, O bone.
 Was in spite of his Brogue,
O bone, O bone.
 For the Sawce of his Tongue,
 To Prisons dragg'd along,
Magnatum Scandalum,
O bone, O bone.

Then was prepar'd a Drench,
O bone, O bone.
 Oats himself to Rectrench,
O bone, O bone.
 The meaner Swearers then
 To Tremble did begin:
 As I have a Shoul widin:
O bone, O bone.

By this Book I did faint,
O bone, O bone.
 Till Patrick mee fwhite Saint:
O bone, O bone.
 Bid me leave off my Cryes,
 And Swear no more Plot-Lies.
 Then streight away he hies:
O bone, O bone.

Deel take this Swearing Trade,
O bone, O bone.

I'll go home to mee Spade:

O bone, O bone.

I'll fence the Patatoes round

And keep mee Maishers ground;

I am too long Hell-Hound.

O bone, O bone.

12.

My Book-buffing Tribe adieu;

O bone, O bone.

It is now bad widd you;

O bone, O bone.

And if I 'scape the Hang,

I've out-done all my Gang;

And leave You here r'Swing Swang.

O bone, O bone.

Monarchy Triumphant; or, the fatal fall of Rebels.

June, The King enjoys His own again.

Whigs are now such precious things,

We see there's not one to be found;

All roar, God bless and save the King,

And the Health goes briskly all day round:

To the Soldier Cap in hand

The sneaking Rascals stand,

And won'd put in for honest men:

But the King He well knows

His Friends from His Foes,

And now He enjoys His own again.

From this Plots first taking an,

Like Lightning all the Whigs have run

Nay, they've left their topping Square,

To march off with our eldest Son.

They've left their States and Wives,

K

To

To save their precious Lives,
 But who can blame their flying? when
 'Twas plain to 'em all,
 The great and the small,
 That the King wou'd have His own again.

3.

Since the King was thereabouts,
 They all well knew their Heads were His;
 So by help of such like scouts
 The Great Ones have yet escap'd His Phys.
 His stern and Kingly look
 There's few of them can brook,
 Since fairly try'd, they know that then
 The Hemp or sharp Steel
 They must all expect to feel,
 Since the King enjoys His own again.

4.

This may chance a warning be,
 (If e're the Saints will warning take)
 To leave off hatching Villainy,
 Since they've seen their Brethren at the stake,
 And more must mounted be,
 (Which God grant we may see)
 Since Juries now are honest men;
 And the King lets 'em swing
 With a *hey ding, ding, ding, ding,*
 Great Charles enjoys His own again.

5.

Once they voted, That His Guards
 A Nuisance was, which now They find;
 Since they stand betwixt the King
 And the Treason that such Dogs design'd;
 'Tis They will you man,
 Though it cost 'em a fall,

In spite of your most mighty Men,
 For now they are all arm'd,
 And all Loyallists well arm'd,
 Since the King enjoys His own again.

6. *God bless an honest*

To the King some Bumpers round,
 Let's drink, my Lads, whilst Life doth last;
 He that at the Core's not sound,
 Shall be kick'd out without a raff:
 Since we're case-harden'd honest men,

Which makes their Crew mad,
 But us Loyal hearts full glad,
 That the King enjoys His own again.

The Plot and Plotters confounded; or, the down-fall of Whiggism. Tune, Ah Jenny! 'tis your Eye do kill.

1.

THe Plot (God wot),
 Is now broke out,
 Confound those brought it in;
 Let them be Damn'd,
 (Besides being sham'd,)

Of their *King-killing* sin;
 Down, down with their General
 Council and Collonel,
 Joyner and Cobler of State,
 Their Members of Parliament
 Of the new Rump,
 Let all Repent too late.

2.

Oh now you *Whigs*
 Led up this Jig,
 What is't you'll lead up next?

K 2

Why

Why faith I hear
 To Tyburn you gang,
 For being beside your Text:
 To Tyburn the High-born,
 As well as the Cobler,
 Concern'd in Plot so dire,
 Must *Hickle-te Pickle-te*

Swing on a Row;

Pray God I am no Lye.

Did ever Fools
 Set up such Tools
 That durst not stand the shock
 Of being made,

Or being made?

Apoor such Bully-Rocks!

Fy, fy, fy, fy,

Fy, fy for shame,

Such *Heroes* run the pit,

It shews, God knows,

Their fear of

And eke their want of

The King God bless,

The Queen no less,

The Duke and Dutchesse too,

The Lady Anne,

with Her good Man,

And all the Royal Crew:

Ler those that love

The King be bless'd,

And those that hate Him curs'd;

Ler *Tories* swim

In Clarer, and

The *Whigs* be choakt with thirst.

Whig upon Whig ; or a Pleasant dismal SONG
the old Plotters newly found out. Tune, O bone, &c.

1.

Beloved hearken all,
O bone, O bone.

To my sad Rhimes that, shall

O bone, O bone

Be found in Dirty sad,

Which makes Me almost mad,

But Tories hearts full glad,

O bone, O bone.

2.

Essex has cut his Throat,

O bone, O bone.

Russel is Guilty found,

O bone, O bone.

Walcot being of the Crew,

And **H**one the Joyner too,

Must give the Devil his due,

O bone, O bone.

3.

Rumsey swears heartily,

O bone, O bone.

West swears He does not lie,

O bone, O bone.

L. H—d vows by's Troth,

That they are good Men both,

And take the self same Oath,

O bone, O bone.

4.

I heard some People say,

O bone, O bone.

M—th is fled away,

O bone, O bone.

E 3

And

And some do not stick to say,
 If He falls in their way,
 He will have dam'd fair play,
O bone, O bone.

Armstrong and Gray Gorwot,
O bone, O bone.
 And Ferguson the Scot,
O bone, O bone.

Are all run God knows where,
 'Cause stay they dare not here,
 To fix the Grand Affair,
O bone, O bone.

Juries (alafs) are thus,
O bone, O bone.

There's no Ignoramus,
O bone, O bone.

But You'll have Justice done,
 To ev'ry mothers Son,
 And be Hang'd one by one,
O bone, O bone.

Now how like Fools we look,
O bone, O bone.

Had we not better took
O bone, O bone.

Unto our Trades and Wives,
 And have kept in our Hives,
 Which might have sav'd our Lives,
O bone, O bone.

The King He says, that all
O bone, O bone.

That

That are found Guilty, shall

O bone, O bone,

Die by the Ax or Rope,

As they dy'd for the Pope,

Brethren there is no Hope,

O bone, O bone,

The sisters left behind,

O bone, O bone,

Must with Vile Tories Grind,

O bone, O bone,

And still be at their Call,

To play at Up-tails all,

Nay, to be Pox and all,

O bone, O bone,

The Tories now will Drink,

O bone, O bone,

The Kings Health with our Chink,

O bone, O bone,

Queen, Duke and Durbess too,

And all the Loyal Crew,

Jerney Marblem, Marblem,

O bone, O bone,

The Whigs Drown'd in a Tory Bubble

To a pleasant Tune,

W Ealth breeds Care, Love, Hope and Fear;

What does Love or Bus'ness here,

While Bacchus's Navy doth appear?

Fight on, and fear not sinking:

Fill it briskly to the Brim,

Till the flying Top-sails swim,

We

We owe the first Discovery to Him
Of this great World of *Drinking*

Grave Cabals, who States Refine,
Mingle their Debates with Wine;
Ceres and the God o'th' Vine

Make every great Commander:
Let sober Sores small Beer subdue,
The Wise and Valiant Wine do woe;
The *Saggarise* had the Honour too
To be Drunk with *Alexander*.

Stand to your Arms! and now advance
A health to the *English* King of France,
And to the next of *Boon* Esprance

By *Bacchus* and *Apollo*:
Thus in State I lead the Van;
Fall in your place by the Right-hand-man!
Beat Drum! march on! *dub a dub, ran dan!*
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

Face about to the Right again,
Britains Admiral of the Main,
Turk, and His Illustrious Train

Crown the days Conclusion:
Boo a Halter stop his Throat
Who brought in the foremost Vote,
And of all that did promote
The Mystery of Exclusion.

Next to *Denmark's* War-like Prince
Let the following Health commence
To the Nymph whose Influence
Brought the *Hero* hither

May their Race the Tribe annoy,
Who the Grandfire would destroy,
And get every year a Boy
Whilst they are together.

6.

To the Royal Family
Let us close in Bumpers three;
May the Ax and Halber be

The Pledge of every Roundhead:
To all Loyal Hearts pursue,
Who to the Monarch dare prove true;
But for Him they call True Alex.

Let him be confounded.

An excellent new Song on the late Victories over the
Turks. To a very Pleasant New Tune.

HArk! the thundring Cannon roar,
Hecchoing from the German shore,
And the joyful News comes o'er

The Turks are all confounded;
Lorraine comes, they run, they run;
Charge your Horse through the grand half-moon
We'll quarter give to none,
Since Staremberg is wounded.

Close your Ranks and each brace should
Take a lusty flowing Bowl,
A grand Carouse to the Royal Boleyn
The Empires brave Defender;
No man leave his Post his stealthy
Plunder the Grand Turkish Wealth;
But drink a Helmet full to his Health
Of the second Alexander.

3. Me-

3.

Mahomet was a sober Dog,

A small Beer drouzy senseless rogue,

The Juice of the Grape so much in vogue

To forbid to those Adore him ;

Had he but allow'd the Vine,

Given'em leave to carouze in Wine

The Turk had safely pass'd the Rhine,

And conquer'd all before him.

4.

With dull Tea they fought in vain,

Hopeless Vict'ry to obtain,

Where sprightly Wine fills ev'ry Vein,

Success must needs attend him ;

Our Brains, like our Cannons warm

With often Firing, feels no harm,

While the sober sot flies the Alarm,

No Laurel can befriend him.

5.

Christians thus with Conquests crown'd,

Conquest with the Glass goes round,

Weak Coffee can't keep its ground,

Against the force of Claret ;

Whilst we give them thus the Foyl,

And the Pagan Troops Recoil,

The Valiant Poles divide the Spoil,

And in brisk Netlar share it.

6.

Infidels are now o'recome,

But the most Christian Turks at home

Watching the Fate of Christendom,

But all his hopes are shallow ;

Since the Poles have led the Dance,

Let English Caesar now advance,

And

And if he sends a Fleet to France,
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

*Tangiers Lamentation on the Demolishing and Blowing
up of the Town, Castle and Citadel.*

Tune, Tangier March.

Let the *Moors* repine,
Their hopes resign,
Now the *Pagan* Troops are cheated;
Let Foot and Horse
Disband their Force,
Since *Tangier* is defeated:
Alas *Tangier*! what sudden Doom
Hath wrought this alteration,
That thus thy *March* should now become
Thy fatal *Lamentation*?

Now, alas *Tangier*!
That cost so dear
In Money, Lives, and Fortunes,
See how the States,
The kinder Fates,
For thy own Fate importunes:
Had this been plotted by the *Moors*,
Alas! it were no matter;
But blown up thus by thy own Store,
Thou'dst better swim in Water.

The old Port, *Tangier*,
Where for good Cheer
We never paid Extortion:
Which, whilst it stood,
War once thought good
To be a Monarchs Portion. Whilst

Whilst *English* Hearts Thy walls possess,
 They scorn'd e'r to surrender,
 Now to the Foe is left a Nest
 For Serpents to engender.

Alas ! what now
 Must the Sea-men do,
 When they come ashore to Lord it,
 For a little Fresh Store,
 And a little Fresh Whore ?
 Which *Tangier* still afforded,
 No Ambuscade of Treacherous Moor,
 Nor shall *Ben Otter's* Fighness
 Court any more the *British* Shoar,
 To try the Ladies kindness.

It would grieve your heart,
 Should I impart
 The Gold and precious Matter
 That lies oppress'd
 In every Chest

Drown'd underneath the Water,
 But now the Mold that forc'd the Main,
 The Mold so gay and bonny,
 Is with the Chests blown up again,
 But ne'r a Cross of Money.

Of how many Souls,
 And large Punch-bowls,
 Has this been the undoing ?

How many Tun
 Of precious Coin
 Lie buried in the Rume ?

Had this been done some years ago,

Of Horsemen and Postillions,
 'T had sav'd some thou and Lives the blow,
 And sav'd besides some Millions.

7.

When the Pile took fire
 Above the Spire,
 I wish (for th' good o'th' Nation)
 The Walls well cramm'd,
 With Rebels ramm'd

Of the *Jociation*:

All *Betbells* of a Commonwealth,
 Each sullen *Whig* and *Trimmer*,
 That boggle at a *Loyal Health*,
 Yet will not bawlk a *Brimmer*.

8.

Now Heav'n preserve
 (While Rebels starve)
 The *King* and's Royal *Brother*,
 While *Traitors* fly,
 And others die,
 Impeaching one another:
 That *Gracious Prince* that values more
 His Subjects' Lives and Pleasure,
 Than all the Wealth of *Africk's* shoar,
 And *Tangers* buried Treasure.

The History of Whiggism, From their Rise, to their
 late horrid and unparallel'd Conspiracy.
 Tune; When the Stormy Winds do Blow.

You Calvinists of England,
 who surfeit with your Ease,
 And strive to make us *Whigland*,
 To breed a foul Disease:

I.

Hearken

Hearken you painted Saints,
 For we will let you know,
 Oh, the Cares and the Fears
 That by you *Whigs* do grow !

The first of your pretensions
 When that you did begin,
 Were gloss'd with good Intentions,
 But false at Heart within :
 No Faith in you was ever found,
 That Truth we plainly know,
Oh the Cares and the Fears
That by you Whigs do grow.

Queen *Elizabeth* she did descry,
 And soon found what you were ;
 She made fit Laws against you
 By Parliament appear ;
 Which late you'd have Repealed,
 But just *Charles* too well did know,
All the Cares and the Fears
That by you Whigs do grow !

Such Locusts in the Nation
 King *James* could never love ;
 Wherefore he thought discretion
 T'advise his Son t'disprove
 Of all your false pretended Zeal ;
 For wisely he did know,
Oh, the Cares and the Fears
That by you Whigs do grow !

When best of Kings and Princes
 Did give your hearts desire,
 Yet you were not contented,
 To th' Crown you did aspire ;

You

Yon said, you'd make him Great,
 Indeed you did do so;
But oh, the Cares and the Fears
Attends such Winds that blow !

On the Mitre you did trample
 To make your selves more high,
 With greater force to give the stroke
 Against His Majesty :
 Ah! false and trayterous *Tekelites*,
 Such ways to let us know
The great Cares and the Fears
That by you Whigs do grow !

The *Whig* he then stood rampant,
 To us he gave his Laws ;
 Yet such he dare not vaunt on't,
 So sharp we felt his Claws :
 You then laid open what you were,
 And smartly made us know
Oh, the Cares and the Fears
That by you Whigs do grow !

The Blessed *Martyrs* Royal Son,
 Whom Heav'n guarded sure,
 And made us happy by's Return,
 Him you could not endure :
 Against His Life you did conspire,
 And Mightry *James* also ;
Oh, the Cares and the Fears
That by you Whigs do grow !

Peace, Plenty, and all that's good,
 Through His Conduct we have :
 Ungrateful Souls ! to seek his Blood
 Who seeks us for to save ;

And by your late Rebellion ways

Again to make us know,

Oh, the Cares and the Fears

That by you Whigs do grow !

With furious Zeal you do inflame;

And cause our Countreys burn :

You work Confusion, but the blame

On Innocents you turn.

Your holy Masque is dropping off,

God grant it may do so,

And stop the Cares and the Fears

That by you Whigs do grow.

May Colledge, Rouse, and Home, their Fate

On Traytors all attend :

What though it seems a little late ?

Yet still we know your end.

Just Vengeance does not sleep,

Though you do think it so ;

You'll have your shares of the Cares

That by you Whigs do grow.

Long live great Charles our pious King

Who cares when we do sleep,

To keep still safe under his Wing

From Ravenous Wolves his Sheep :

He us preserves from Bears Clutch,

The Lyons Jaw also,

And from all Cares and all Fears

That by you Whigs do grow.

*The Whigs, hard Heart the cause of the hard Frost.
Tune, Oh London ! To'adst better have built
new Bordello's, &c.*

1.

YE *Whigs and Dissenters*, I charge you attend,
Here is a sad story, as ever was told :
The River of *Thames*, that once was your Friend,
Is frozen quite over with Ice very cold;
And Fish which abounded,
Tho' they can't be drowned,
For lack of their *Liquor*, I fear are confounded
Then leave your *Rebellious* & damn'd *Presbytering*,
Or you may be glad of *Poor-Jack* & *Red-berring*.

2.

Now, had it been frozen with *Brimstone* and *Fire*,
The wonder had been much deeper at bottom;
Tho' some do believe your *Sins* do require
A Punishment great as e'r fell upon *Sodom* :

But then the poor Fish
Had been dress'd to your Dish,
And, stead of a *Plague*, you had then had your
with; [Roaches,
Fikes, *Flounders*, together with *Gudgeons* and
Had served for the *Luxury* of these *Debauchees*.

3.

But, alas ! to instruct ye this *Frost* now is sent,
As if it would shew ye your *Consciences* harden'd;
And if each *Mother's-child* make not hast to *repent*,
How the *Devil* d'ye think ye shall ever be pardon'd

'Tis a very sad Case,

As ever yet was,

That the *River* should suffer for every *Ass* !

POr *Thames* ! thou mayst curse the foul Lake of
Geneva, [Of Reprieve-a.

For whose faults Thou dost penance, sans hope
 4. [Pride,

This *Thames*, (O ye *Whigs* !) brought ye Plenty &
 So ye harden'd your hearts with your *Silver* and
 But if ever ye hope to redeem *Time* or *Tide*, [Gold
 Not must your *Repentance*, your *Zeal* must be cold ;

Your damn'd hungry *Zeal*

For rank *Commonweal*

Will hurry ye headlong all down to the Deel ;
 Then melt your hard hearts , and your tears
 spread abroad.

As ever ye hope that your *Thames* shall be *Thaw'd*.

5.
 Make hast, and be soon reconcil'd to the *Truth*,
 Or you may lament it, both old men and young;
 For, suppose ev'ry *Shop* should be turn'd to a *Booth*
 Oh, were it not sad to be told with a tongue !

Should *Cheapside* advance

Up, to *Pety-France*,

And *Londons Guild-hall* up to *Westminster* dance;
 O, what would become of your wealthy brave
Chamber,

If it were forc'd so far *Westward* to clamber ?

6.

Cock-shops with rost *Viſuals*, and *Taverns* with *Wine*,
 Already are seen on the *River* with plenty,
 A hich are fill'd ev'ry morning before ye can dine,
 By *Two's* and by *Three's*, I may truly say *Twenty*;
Jack, *Tom*, *Will*, and *Harry*.

Nan, *Sue*, *Doll*, and *Mary*,

Come there to devour *Plum-Cakes* and *Canary* :

And

And if with their *Dancing & Wine* they be tir'd,
For a *Tester* apiece there's a *Coach* to be hir'd.

7.

[pies,

There's *Ginger-bread*, *Small-Cole*, and *hot Pudding*;
With *Bread & Cheese*, *Brandy & good Ale & Beer*;
Besides the *Plum-Cakes* too, there's large *Cakes* of
Enough to invite him that will come here; [Ice,
All which does bestride

To punish your *Pride*; [back slide:

Y're plagu'd now with *Ice*, 'cause you love to
Methinks it should warn you to alter your *station*.
For y'ave hitherto built on a *slippery Foundation*.

8.

[sailing,

Ye *Merchants* to *Greenland*, now leave off your
And for your *Trin-Oyl* you selves never solicit;
For there is no fear of your *Merchandise* failing,
Since the *Whales*, I'm afraid, mean to give us a

The great *Leviathan* [visit:

May sail to *England*,

To see a worse Monster the *Presbyterian*.
Was ever a *Vengeance* so wonderful shewn,
That a *River* so great should be turn'd to a *Town*?

The Swearers Chorus to the Presbyterian Plot.
Tune, *The merry Begger*, &c.

1.

There was a *Monstruous Doctor*;
This *Doctor* had no *Peer*,
A *Rogue* from his *Cradle*
And bred to *Lie and Swear*;
And a *Swearing* we will go, will go, will go,
And a *Swearing* we will go.

2.

A *Bag* for my *Pilgrims*.
Another for *Black Bills*, Ten

Ten thousand *blank Commissions*
 To move as many Hills :
And a Swearing we will go, &c.

3.

A Bag for my Sallery,
 From every Fool suborns,
 Three brawny Bums to follow me,
 And bugger them by turns :
And a Bugging we will go, &c.

4.

A Bag for my Plunder,
 Sir William's on the scent ;
 The Pole did ne'er so thunder
 In the *Grand Vizier's Tent* :
And a Pundring we will go, &c.

5.

A Bag for my Necklace,
 Another for my Plate ;
 And all shall be Fish
 That comes in *Waller's Net* ;
And a Plund'ring we will go, &c.

6.

A Bag for my Pistols
 And Consecrated Knives,
 And one for *Tormentillio's*,
 T'fright Fools out of their Lives :
And a Plotting we will go, &c.

7.

A Bag for the Parson,
 Another for *Don John* ;
 Though I swore like a Whoreson,
 Yet still I did swear on :
And a Swearing we will go, &c.

Through

8.

Through four and twenty Key-holes

I fally'd like a Witch,

And through as many Brick walls

I'll swear I went through-stitch:

And a Swearing I did go, &c.

9.

To Lambeth we will go,

Where we first made the Plot;

While Prance and I can swear and lie,

They all shall go to por:

And a Plotting we will go, &c.

10.

Then we'l to Godfrey go,

And find Him kill d o'th' spor,

And swear the Papists did it,

To make a Papish-Plat:

And a Murd'ring we will go, &c.

11.

A Gown I have for shew

Amongst the C'ergy grave,

And, when I please, a Cloak

To hide the double Knave:

And a Plotting we will go, &c.

12.

I had a pretty knack,

To Wheedle, Swear and Lye,

By the Rebellious Rabble

How much admir'd was I!

And a Swearing we will go &c.

13.

In fair London Town

I live, and pay no Rent;

The Brethren they provide for me,

And

And I am well content:
And a Swearing we will go, &c.

14.

Of all Occupations

The Swearer is most blest;
 For when he swears most falsely,
 He's always paid the best:
And a Swearing we will go, &c.

15.

I fear no Plot against me,
 Although the Whigs rebel;
 Then who would be honest,
 Since such Rogues fare so well?
And a Plotting we will go, will go, will go;
And a Plotting we will go.

A New SONG. Tune, *I'll tell thee, Dick, &c.*

Chil tell thee, Tom, the strangest story,
 Because thou art an honest Tory;
 'Tis News beyond expressions:
 Zich zights are no where to be zeen
 In any Lond, (*God save the Queen*)
 But at our Quarter-Sessions.

Vor Rogues I zaw in zich a place,
 As wou'd the Gibbet quite disgrace,
 'Tis pity it thou'd want 'em:
 But how the Devil they came there,
 List, Tom, and chil in brief declare
 And how they did recant 'em,
 When I was late at London Town,
 To zee zome zights e'r I went down,
 To White-hall I did venture;
 And having on my best Array,

(131)
As vine as on a Holy-day,
Zooks I made bold to enter.

Up stairs I went, which were as brooad,
And Dirty too as any Rood,
Or as the streets o'rh' Ziry.
Hadst thou been there, thou wouldst have said
His Majesty had kept no Maid,
Gods zooks, and that's a pity.

When I was up, I did discern
A Chamber bigger than a Barn,
Where I did see Voke stand,
That I was well near vrighted quite,
It was so strange and grim a sight,
With long things in their hand.

Their Cloathing cannot well be told,
on which were things of beaten Gold
Upon their Back and Breast;
I doft my Hat when I came in,
Quoth I, *Pray which of you's the King?*
Which made a woundy Jest.

At last came by a Gentlemon,
Who made me zoon to understand
I need not be avar'd;
Quoth he, Come on, and vollow me,
Chil shew thee straight His Majesty;
Vor thease are but His Guard.

But, *Tom*, not any Wake or Vair
Can shew zich numbers as are there,
Still cringing low, and bowing,
That I may zwear, and tell no lie,
They wearier are, than Thou or I
With *Thrashing* or with *Plowing*.

No

No Ants do vaster lead or drive,
 Or Bees buz to or fro' the Hive,
 I marl they were not dizzy;
 And zure the Nations great Avajrs
 Lay heavily upon their Cares,
 They look'd zo wise and buffie.

At last came in His Majesty,
 Not taller much than Thou or I;
 Yet, wharzo'e'r I ail'd,
 With only gazing on his Vace,
 I trembl'd like a Love-zick Lafs
 Just on the point to yield.

He look'd, methought, above the rest,
 Tho' not by half zo vinely drest,
 Which made me vall a zwearig,
 A Pox upon the Parliament,
 That will not let us pay him Rear,
 Gold's only for his wearing

A Ribbon vine came cross avore,
 Zich as our Landlords bridemen wore
 At end of which was hung
 A curious thing, that shone as bright
 As *Maudlin's* eyes, or morning light,
 When guilded by the Zun,

But now the news, chil tell thee Truth,
 Hard by his zide there stood a Youth,
 That look'd as trim and gay,
 As if de had not guilty bin
 Of wishing e'r to be a King,
 Unless a King of *May*.

It was the zame our Vlcars zed
 Vor *Treason* shou'd have laft his Head,
 Vor which wive hundred Pound

By Proclamation offer'd was
To any that shou'd take his Grace
In any Kerfon ground.

Won Zunday morn, thou maist remember,
I think the twantieth of September,

Our Parson read a thing,
How this same Sparky (a vengeance on him!)
With verry moorn did take upon him
To kill our Gracious King.

But scant the vrighted harmless Zwan,
That meets a Wolf upon the Plain,
Was so agast with fear:

Wounds! if His Majesty (quoth I) you wou'd
Does keep no better Company,

Chill may no longer here
With that, the Moa that brought me in
By th' jacket pull'd me back again:

Quoth he, Pray hear ye reason:
He was a What-d ye-call't, tis true,
But a Pardon makes him vree as you

Vrom Knavery or Treason.

Whaw, whaw! quoth I, a pretty Nick
To make Rogues honest by a trick

To often try'd in vain:
As if my Bull shou'd gore me once,
I'd treat the gentlest Beast with Horns

To gore me o'r agen.

Children to Druggers agen,
Where honest men are honest men,

And Rogues are hang'd on Rogues:
Ods wounds! were His Majesty,
E'r zich a Zon shou'd countenance doe
A Chi'd prize him as my Dogs.

Anthony M. Hungerford

Unfortunate Jockey; or, Jenneys Lamentation
for the loss of Jockey.

A pleasant Tune, sung in the Play call'd, The Royalist.

TWa bony Lads were Sawney and Jockey,
Sawney was lewd, and Jockey unluckey,
Sawney was tall, well favour'd, and witty,
But I'fe in my heart thought Jockey more pretty
For when he su'd me, woo'd me, and view'd me,
Never was lad so like to undo me,
Fie I cry'd, and almost dy'd,
Left Jockey should gang and come no more to

2.

Jockey would love, but he would not marry,
And I'fe had a dread that I'fe should miscarry
His cunning Tongue with wit was so guilded,
That I'fe was afraid my heart would have yielded
For daily he prest'd me, kiss'd me, and bless'd me,
Lost was the hour methought when he mist me,
Crying, denying, and fighting, I woo'd him,
And muckle ado I had to get fro him.

3.

But cruel Fate rob'd me of my Jewel,
For Sawney would make him fight in Duel,
And down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded,
Ha! there to his death poor Jockey was wounded
But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,
Who could express my grief that beheld him?
Raging, I tore my Hair for to bind him,
And vow'd and swore ne'r to stay behind him.

4.

I sig'd and sob'd until I was weary,
To think my poor Jockey should so miscarry,
And never was any in such a sad taking

As

As hapless Jenny, whose heart is still aking;
 To think how I crost him, tost him & lost him;
 Too late it was to coyn words to accost him,
 Alone then I sat lamenting and crying,
 Still wishing each minute that I were a dying.

Ah! Jockey since thou behind thee hast left me,
 And death of all joys and all comforts bereft me,
 Thy destiny I will lament very mickle [trickle;
 And down my pale cheeks salt Tears they shall
 To ease me of trouble each bubble shall double,
 To think of my Jockey so Loyal and Noble,
 I'll grieve for to think that those eyes are benighted
 Wherein mournful Jenny so much once delighted

That blow oh Sawney was base and unlucky,
 That robbed poor Jenny of her dearest Jockey,
 A bony boon Youth 'twas known he was ever
 To please his poor Jenny was still his endeavor;
 But 'twas fortune uncertain, our parting
 Procured & caused this breaking & snarting,
 But whilst I do live 'tis resolved by Jenny,
 For Jockeys dear sake ne'r to lig with any.

This Jenny for Jockey lay sighing and weeping,
 Oft wringing her hands while others was sleeping
 But Sawney to see her thus strangely distressed,
 For the loss of her Love, his heart was oppressed,
 Tho' this deluder, view'd her, and sued her,
 'Twas all but in vain, for she call'd him Intruder
 And said, if you die for my Love I will mock ye,
 For you were the cause of the death of my Jockey.

That bony brave Scot hath left nene behind him,
 M 3 That

That like to himself was worthy of minding,
 His Father's delight, and the joy of his Mother;
 And Scotland before ne'r bred like another,
 When I think on his beauty, let duty confute ye.
 Death never before had like a great boory,
 For all that do know him, do sigh & bewail him,
 But Oceans of Tears now can little avail him.

Ah! Jockey there's none that are left to inherit
 The tythe of thy Virtue, thou wonderful merit,
 But whilst I do live thou shalt not be forgotten,
 We sing out thy praise when thy carcass is rotten
 For thou wert the fairest, purest, and dearest of all,
 And now thou art dead like a Sinner thou wast.
 I'll have on thy Tomb stone these Verses inserted,
 Here lies hopeles Jockey, who was so true hearted.

And when this thy Motto shall fairly be written;
 There's none shall read but with grief shall be
 And say't was my that one so true hearted & smitten
 Should by cruel death from his Jenny be parted.
 And thus I with weeping, creeping, and propping
 Look into thy Grave where thou dost lie sleeping
 Till sighing my self I have brought to my end,
 To show that poor Jenny was Jockeys true Friend.

The Whitchester Wedding, or, Ralph of Redding,
 and black Bess of the Green.
 To a new Country Dance, or, the King's Jig.

A Twimblester was a Wedding,
 the like was never seen
 Twixt lusty Ralph of Redding,
 and bony black Bess of the Green;

The Fiddlers were Crowding before, you had
 each Lads was as fine as a Queen, it was
 There was a Hundred and more, it was
 for all the Country came in all sorts of
 Brisk Robin led Rose so fair, a goodly couple and
 she lookt like a Lilly o' th' Vale, it was
 And Ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary, it was
 And Roger led bouncing Nell, it was
 With Tommy came smiling Katy, it was
 he help'd her over the stile, it was
 And swore there was none so pretty, it was
 in forty and forty long mile:
 Kit gave a Green Gown to Betty, it was
 and lent her his hand to rise, it was
 But Jenny was jeer'd by Waty, it was
 for looking blew under the eyes, it was
 Thus merrily chatting all, it was
 they pass'd to the Bride-house along from
 With Jonny and pretty fac'd Nanny, it was
 the fairest of all the Throng, it was
 The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em, it was
 afraid the Dinner was spoil'd, it was
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em, it was
 with Bak'd, and Roasted, and Boyl'd:
 The Lads were so frolick and jolly, it was
 for each had his Love by his side, it was
 But Willy was Melancholly, it was
 for he had a mind to the Bride, it was
 Then Philip began her Health, it was
 and turn'd a Brisk Glass on his Thumb, it was
 But Jenkin was reckon'd for Drunken,
 the best in Christendom.

And now they had Din'd, Advancing
 into the middle of the Hall, now each
 The Piddlers stood up for Dancing,
 and Jeremy led up the Bride,
 But Margery kept a quarter,
 a Lass that was proud of her self,
 'Cause Arthur had stoln her Garter,
 and swore he would use it himself
 She strugg'd and blusht, and frown'd,
 and ready with Anger to cry
 'Cause Arthur with tying her Garter,
 had slip'd his hand too high.
 And now for throwing the Stacking,
 the Bride away was led,
 The Bridegroom got drunk was looking
 for Candles to light 'em to Bed
 But Robbin that found him silly,
 most friendly took him aside,
 The while that his Wife with Willy,
 vvas playing at Hooper's hide
 And novv the vvarm Game begins,
 the Critical minute vvas come,
 And Chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,
 vvent merily round the Room.
 Pert Stephen vvas kind to Betty,
 and blith as a Bird in the Spring,
 And Tommy vvas so to Katy,
 and Wedded her with a Rusty Ring
 Saley that Danc'd at the Cushion,
 an hour from the Room had been gone,
 And Barnaby knew by her blushing,
 that the bell in church was rung

that some other *Dance* had been done ;
 And thus of Fifty fair Maids,
 that came to the *Wedding* with Men,
 Scarce five of the Fifty was left ye,
 that so did return again.

*A Narrative of the Old Plot, being a New SONG.
 Tune, Some say the Papists had a Plot, &c.*

1.
When Traitors did at Pop'ry rail,
 Because it taught *Confession*;
 When Bankrupts bawl'd for Property,
 And Bastards for Succession.

2.
 When Tony durst espouse the Cause,
 Spight of his Pox and Gout;
 When Speaking *Williams* purg'd the House
 By spewing Members out.

3.
 When Hunt a two-fac't Pamphlet wrote,
 the Embleme of his Soul:
 When Oats swore whom he pleas'd in's Plot,
 And reign'd without Controul.

4.
 When L ——— too lampoon'd the Cause,
 And libell'd Cats and Doggs;
 When *Witnesses*, like Mushrooms, sprung
 Out of the Irish Boggs.

5.
 Then *Perkin* thought 'twas time to prove
 His Claim to Kingship fair;
 And 'faith tis for the Peoples Son
 Should be the Peoples Heir.

6.
 So the *Papists* should be
 By whom the King should fall.

6.

So fill'd with Zeal He and his Knight
 Careless and Court the Rout ;
 And my Lord Duke goes up and down
 To shew his Grace about.

7.

Tho' F--d Lord G--y would not ingage
 Upon that idle score ;
 For He would have a Common wealth,
 As well as Common whore.

He envy'd his old Friend a Crown

But why I can't devise ;
 For's Grace had grac't his Lordships head
 With Horns of noble Size.

9.

Then Johnson wrote his Patrons Creed,
 A Doctrine fetch't from Hell :
 'Twas Christian-like to disobey,
 And Gospel to Rebel.

10.

Julian his Pattern and his Text ;
 A meaner Theam He scorns :
 First represents Him at the Desk,
 And then Apostate turns,

11.

Like his, his Patrons Zeal grew high,
 Th' Exclusion to advance ;
 And the right Heir must be debarr'd,
 For fear of Rome and France.

12.

The Zealous Commons then resolv'd,
 (And they knew what they did)
 By whomsoever the King should fall,
 The Papists throats should bleed.

So

13.

So mard'ring *Ponyards* off are slip

Into a *guiltless* hand:

And Innocence is sacrific'd,

Whilst Matefactor's stand.

14.

By Hell's Assistance then they fram'd

Their Damn'd Association

And Worthy Men, and Men Worthy.

Divided all the Nation

15.

Fools Off and Madmen Leave the Lot

And choose the *greater* evil.

Thus *They* for fear of Popery

Run head-long to the Devil.

16.

At last the *Loyal Souls* propose

To ease their Sovereign's Care

If He lies down, and will not remove

Their Jealousies and Fears

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Just the old Trick and Sham Device

Of Belzebub their Size

He but fall down and worship *Two*

They'll grant his *heart's desire*.

18.

Nay Lives and Fortunes then shall be

Entirely *all his own* :

If He will fairly once disclaim

▲ Brother and a Crown.

The

*The Praise of the Dairy-Maid, with a Lick at the
Cream-pot, or Fading Rose.
Tune, Packington's Pound.*

1.

Let Wine turn a Spark, & Ale huff like a He-flor,
Let Pluto drink Coffee, & Jove his rich Neflor,
Neither Cider nor Sherry,
Metheglin nor Perry, [call Merry]

Shall more make me Drunk, which the vulgar
These Drinks o're my Fancy no more shall prevail
But I'll take a full loop at the mery Milk-Pail.

2.

In praise of a Dairy I purpose to sing;
But all things in order; first God save the King,
And the Queen I may say,
That ev'ry May-day,

Has many fair Dairy-Maids all fine and gay.
Assist me, fair Dam'sels to finish this Theme,
And inspire my fancy with Strawberries & Cream

3.

The first of fair Dairy-Maids, if you'll believe,
Was Adam's own Wife, your Great-grand-mother
She milk'd many a Cow, [Ever]
As well she knew how,

Tho' Butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now;
She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a Shelf;
For the Butter and Cheese in those days made it

4.

In that Age or Time there was no damn'd Money,
Yet the Children of Israel fed on Milk & Honey;
No Queen you could see
Of the highest Degree,
But would milk the brown Cow with the meanest
Then

Their *Lambs* gave them *Cloathing*, their *Cows* gave
 them *Meat*.

In a plentiful *Peace* all their *Joy* were compleat.

Put now of the making of *Cheese* we shall treat,
 That *Nurser* of *Subjects*, bold *Britains* chief *Meat*.

When they first begin it;

To see how the *Rennet* [in it.
 Begets the first *Curd*, you wou'd wonder what's

Then from the blue *Whey*, when they put the

Curds by

They look just like *Amber*, or *Clouds* in the *Sky*.

6.

Your *Turkey Sherbet*, and *Arabian Tea*,

Is *Dish-water*-stuff to a *Dish* of new *Whey*;

For it cools *Head* and *Brains*,

Ill *Vapours* it drains, [Brains.

And tho' your *Guts* rumble, 'twill be'r hurry your

Court-Ladies i'th morning will drink a whole

Pottle,

And send out their *Pages* with *Tankard* & *Bottle*.

7.

Thou *Daughter* of *Milk*, and *Mother* of *Butter*,

Sweet Cream, thy due praises how shall I utter!

For when at the best,

A thing's well exprest,

We are apt to reply, That's the *Cream* of the *Jest*;

Had I been a *Mouse*, I believe in my *Soul*

I had long since been drown'd in a *Cream-Bowl*.

8.

The *Elixir* of *Milk*, the *Dutch* mens *Delight*,

By motion and rumbling thou bringest to light;

But Oh, the soft *Stream*

That remains of the *Cream*!

Old

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By motion and rumbling thou bringeſt to light;

But Oh, the ſoft *Stream*

That remains of the *Cream*!

old

144
Old Morpheus ne'r tasted so sweet in a Dream;
It removes all Obstructions, depeſſes the Spleen,
And makes an old Band like a Wench of Fifteen.

Amongſt the rare Viſcages that Milk does produce
A thouſand more Dainties are daily in uſe;
For a Pudding I'll tell ye,
Ere it goes in the Belly,
Muſt have good Milk, both the Cream & the Jelly;
For a dainty fine Pudding without Cream or Milk
Is like a Citizen's Wife without Satten or Silk.

10.

In the Virtues of Milk there's more to be miſter'd
The charming delights of Cheeſe-Cake and Cuſtard;
For at Totenam-Towne,
You can have no Sport,
Unleſs you give Cuſtards and Cheeſe-Cakes for a
And what's Jack Pudding, that makes us to laugh,
Unleſs he hath got a great Cuſtard to quaff.

Both Pan-Cakes & Fritters of Milk have good ſtore
But Devonſhire White-pot requires much more.

No ſtate you can ſink
Tho' you ſtudy and ſink;
From the luſty Sack poſſeſſion Miſſion ſink;

But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's a ne'r able
For tis Sack makes the Wine, tho' Milk makes

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[the Nurse,

But now I ſhall make of a Diſh that is cool,
A rich cream'd Pudding, or a Giſſard-pudding;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full
well: Give

Give thanks to the *Dairy* then every Lad,
That from good-natur'd *Women* such *Fools* may
[be had.]

When the *Dam'sel* has got the *Cow's* Tear in her
How she merily sings, while smiling I stand [band
Then with pleasure I rub,
Yet impatient I crub,

When I think of the *Blessings* of a *Syllabub*:
Oh *Dairy*-maids, *Milk*-maids, such *Bliss* ne'r oppose.
If e'r you'll be happy; I speak under the *Rose*.

This *Rose* was a *Maiden* once of your *Profession*,
Till the *Rake* and the *Spade* had taken possession;
At length it was said,
That one *Mr. Ed-*
mund did both dig and sow in her *Parsley* bed;
But the *Fool* for his labour deserves not a *Rush*,
For grafting a *Thistle* upon a *Rose-bush*.

Now *Milk* Maids, take warning by this *Maidens*
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all;
Mind well your *Milk-pail*,
And ne'r touch a man,
And you'll still be a *Maid*, let him do what he can.
I am your *Well-wisher*, then list to my word,
And give no more *Milk* than the *Cow* can afford

And SONG Sung before the Loyal *Liverij*-Men in
Westminster-hall July the 19th. 1641.

Hark! how *Nell & Bradshaw's* Head, above us
Cry, come, come, ye *Wigs* that love us:
Come, ye faithful Sons, fall down, and adore ye
Your Fathers, whose Glory

N

Was

Was to kill Kings before ye;
 From *Treason & Plots* let your *grave Heads* adjoin,
 And our glorious *Pin-cle* adorn.

What though the *Scaffolds* all are down here,
 To entertain the *Friends* of the *Crown* here?

We, whose *Lives & whose Fortunes* Great *Charles*
 For *Monarchy-baters*, [will maintain,
Damp'd Associators,

Whigs, Bastards and Traytors,
 We'd build 'em, we'll build 'em again.

Let the infamous *Cat-throats* of *Princes* be sham.
 Their black *Souls* be damn'd all, [m'd all.

Their *Blunderbuss* ramm'd all
 With *Brimstone* and *Fire* infernal;

The *Gods* that look o'r Him
 Did by *Wonders* restore Him,

Their *Angels* late round Him
 That hour they *Crown'd* Him,

And were list'd His *Guards* Eternal.

2.

How, like *Jove*, the *Monarch* of *Great-Britain*
 Drives the *Giant-Sons* of *Titan*!

Down ye *Rebel-Crew*; ye *Slaves*, lie under:

See! *Charles* with His *Thunder*
 Has dash'd 'em all afunder; [hurl'd,

Down from His bright *Heav'n* the *Aspirers* are
 Lost in the common *Rubbish* of the *World*:

See, how the *God* returns *Victorious*!
 And to make His *Triumph* still more *Glorious*,

See, the whole *Hosts* of *Heav'n* the proud *Conquer*-
 The *Stars* burn all brighter, [Crew meet.

The *Sun* mounts up brighter,
 Whilst his *Steeds* gallop lighter,

To see, see their *Jove* made so Great:
 With

With the brands & the stings of a Conscience disloyal
From the fiery Tryal,

Let the Coward Slaves fly all,
Leave Vengeance and Gibbets behind 'em;
Whilst the great Desperadoes
All turn'd Renegadoes,
With their old Friends took nipping,
In some Cole hole at Wapping
Shall Charles and His Justice find 'em.

Let the malice of Fanatick Roundhead
(Hatch'd in Hell) be still confounded;
The Royal Brothers no Storm e're sever,
But new Wonders deliver,
And their Heirs Reign for ever, [runs,
On England's bright Throne sit till Times last Sand
And stop their Glories Chariot with the Saxs.

Then for Charles's second Restauration, [lion,
Snatch'd from the Jaws of the Imp of Damna-
We with Feasting & Revels will cheer up our Souls
For the safety of Caesar,
In Joy, and in Pleasure,

Till our Hearts shall o're-flow like our Bowls.
For a Health to Great Charles, let the Goblets be
The Huzzas go round there, [crown'd there,
To the Skies let it sound there,
Up to th' Throne of Great Charles's Protector,
Till the pleas'd Gods that see, Boys,
Grow as Merry as we, Boys,
Joyn their Spheres in the Chorus,
Make their whole Heav'ns out-roar us,
And pledge us in Bumpers of Health.

A Narrative of the Popish Plot, shewing the cunning contrivance thereof. Tune, Packington's Pound.

The Contents of the First Part.

*How Sir Godfrey is kill'd, his Body they hide,
Which brought out in Chair, a Horseback does ride;
How Jesuits disguis'd our Houses to fire;
How subtilly they Plot, and the King's death conspire;
Of divers great Lords drawn in, to their Bane,
An Irish Army, and Pilgrims from Spain.*

1.

Good People, I pray you, give ear unto me.
A Story so strange you have never been told
How the Jesuit, Devil and Pope did agree
Our State to destroy, and Religion so old:

To murder our King,

A most horrible thing!

But first of Sir Godfrey his death I must sing;
For howe'r they disguis'e, we plainly can see,
Who murder'd that Knight, no good Christian cou'd
The truth of my Story if any man doubt, [be.
We have Witnesses ready to swear it all out.

2.

At Somerset house, there is plain to be seen
A Gate which will lead you into the back-Court;
This place for the Murder most fitting did seem,
For thither much People do freely resort:

His Body they tofs'd

From Pillar to Post,

And shifted so often, t'had like t'have been lost;
To which with dark-Lantern the Jesuits did go,
But no ways distrust'd our honest Bedlow.

The truth of my Story, &c.

3. Left

Left such close *Contrivements* at length might take
 When as his dead *Body* corrupted did grow, [air,
 They quickly did find an *invisible Chair*,
 And set him on *Horse-back* to ride at *Sobor*:

His own *Sword* to th' *Hilt*.

To add to their *Guilt*,
 They thrust through his *Body*, but no blood was *Spilt*,
 I have it thought he was *kill'd* by a *Thief* they did
 mean,

So they left all's *Money*, and made his *Shoes* clean.

The truth of my Story &c.

To shew now th' excess of *Jesuitical Rage*,
 They this *Loyal City* to ruine would bring,
 Cause you *Citizens* are so religious and *sage*,
 And ever much noted as *true* to your *King*:

T' your *Houses* they go

With *Fire* and with *Tow*,

Then pilfer your *Goods*, & 'tis well you 'scape so;
 Y' have seen how they once set the *Town* all in *flames*;
 Yet 'tis their best *Refuge*, if we believe *Faint*.

The Truth of my Story, &c.

By *Bedlow's* *Narration* is shewn you most clear,
 How *Jesuits* disguis'd into *Houses* will creep;
 In a *Porter's* or *Carman's* *Frock* they appear,
 Nay, will not disdain to cry *Chimney sweep*;

Or sell you *Small Cole*,

Then drop in some hole

A *Fire-Ball*, or thrust it up by a long *Pole*.

But I now must relate a more tragical thing,

How these *Villains* conspir'd to *Murder* our *King*.

The Truth of my Story, &c.

6.

At the *White Horse* in *April* was their main *Assembly*
Where a *Writing* these *Plotters* wickedly framed,
The *Death* of our *Sovereign* was the result,
To which at least *Fifty* all signed their name:

They would not do that,

In the place where they sat,

Trusty Oates must convey it from this man to that,
To make sure work, by *Poison* the *Deed* must be done
And by a long *Dagger*, and shot from a *Gun*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

7.

For fear at *St. Omers* their *Oates* might be miss'd,
They agreed with the *Devil* to appear in his place,
In a *Body of Air*, (believe it if you list)
Which lookt just like *Oats*, & mov'd with the same

They cou'd *Plot*, it cou'd *Can*,

[Grace,

Turn eyes like a *Saint*,

And of our great *Doctor* no feature did want:

Thus *hundreds* might swear they saw *Oates* ev'ry day

But true *Oats* was here, and the *Devil* say they.

The truth of my Story, &c.

8.

From *Father Oliva* *Commissions* did come,

To raise a great *Army* much *Treasure* is spent;

The old *Man* did once think to take *Post* from *Rome*

For to ride at the head of them was his intent;

Lord *Bella* was sic

(Who can deny it?

[permit;

To command in his place, when his *Govt* wou'd

Lord *Stafford* was proper it to trust with their pay

Old *Raichiffe* to range them in *Battle-Array*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

9. Th'

9.
Th' High-Treasurers place the L. Pow'r did please,
(Men of desp'rate Fortunes oft venture too far ;)
Lord Peters would hazard Estate, and his Ease,
And Life for the Pope too, in this holy War ;

Lord Ar'ndel, of old
So war-like and bold,
Made choice of a *Chancellors Gown* we are told ;
All these did conspire with the Lord *Castlemain*,
Who now his good *Dutchess* will ne'r catch again
The Truth of my Story, &c.

Great store of wild *Irish*, both civil and wise,
Designed to joyn with the *Pilgrims of Spain* ;
Many thousands being ready all in good guise,
Had vow'd a long *Pilgrimage* over the *Main* ;
To arm well this Host

When it came on our Coast,
Black Bills forty thousand are sent by the Post,
This Army lay privately on the *Sea shore*,
And no man e'r heard of 'em since or before.

The Truth of my Story, &c.

The Second PART.
The Contents of the second Part.

Of Arms under-ground for Horse and for Foot,
The King almost kill'd, but Gun will not shoot,
For which Pickering is whip'd. All of them swear
To be true to the Plot ; yet Oats, not for Fear,
But Revenge, being turn'd away, and well bang'd,
Discovers them all ; the Jesuits are bang'd.

The Plot being thus subely contriv'd as you hear,
To God knows how many this Secret th' impart ;
Some

Some famous for *Cheats*, yet their *Faith* they don't
 For a *Knave* fast they had found a new *Art*. [Fear
They swore on a Book,
And Sacrament took;

But you'll find, if into their grave *Authors* you look,
 To forswear's no sin (as th' *Recorder* well notes)
 Nor *Treason*, *Rebellion*, nor cutting of *Throats*.
The Truth of my Story, &c.

2.

Still blinded by *Zeal*, and inveig'd by *Hope*,
 Store of *Arms* they provide for *Fight & Defence*;
 The *Lords* must command as *Vice-Roys* of the *Pope*,
 And all over *England* they raise *Peter-pence*:

Their Letters they send

By Bedlow their *Friend*,

Or else by the *Post*, to shew what they intend;
 Some hundreds *Oats* saw, which the *Jesuits* did write
 'Tis a wonder not one of them e'r came to light.

The Truth of my Story, &c.

3.

Pounds two hundred thousand they to *Ireland* sent,
 Fifteen thousand to *Wakeman* for *Potions* and *Pills*,
 Forty thousand in *Fire-works* we guess that they spent,
 And at least ten thousand for the fore-said *Black-Bills*
 Fifteen hundred more

Grove shou'd have, they swore,

Four *Gentleman-Ruffians* deserved *Fourscore*;
 Pious *Pickering* they knew was of *Masses* more fond,
 And for thirty thousand they gave him a *Bond*.

The Truth of my Story, &c.

These two, to kill the *King* by promises won,
 Had now watch'd it for some years in *St. James's Park*,
 And *Pickering* (who never yet shot off a *Gun*)

Was

Was about to take aim, for he had a fair mark;
Just going to begin't,

He missed his Flint,

And looking in Pan, there was no Powder in't:
For which he their Pardon does humbly beseech,
Yet had thirty good lashes upon his bare Breech.

The truth of my Story, &c.

But a sadder mischance to the Plot did befall,
For Oats their main Engine fail'd, when it came to r
No marvel indeed if he cozen'd them all,

Who turn'd him a begging and beat him to loor.

He wheeling about,

The whole Party did rout
And from lurking holes did ferret them out,
Till running himself blind; he none of them knew,
And fainting at Council, he could not swear true.

The truth of my Story, &c.

6.

To strengthen our Doctor, brave Badloe's brought in;
A more credible Witness was not above ground;
He vows and protests, what e'r he had been,
He wou'd not swear false now for five hundred pound

And why should we swear,

They falsely would swear,
To damn their own Souls, and to lose by it here;
For Oats, who before had no peny in Purse
Discov'ring the Plot, was seven hundred pound worse.

The truth of my Story, &c.

7

Two Witnesses more were let loose from the Jail,
Though one, 'tis confess'd, did run back from his word;
(In danger of life a good man may be frail)
And th' other they slander for cheating his Lord;

T' each

T'eachone of these men
 The Jesuits brought Ten,
 To disprove em in time & in place; but what then?
 One Circumstance lately was sworn most clear,
 By a Man who in hopes has four hundred a year.
The truth of my Story, &c.

8:

Besides 'twas oft urg'd, we must always suppose,
 To murder the King a great Plot there has been;
 And who to contrive it so likely as those
 Who Murder and Treasons do hold for no sin;
 Things being thus plain,

To plead was in vain,
 The Jury instructed again and again,
 Did find them all Guilty, & to shew 'twas well done
 The People gave a Shout for Victory won.

9.

'Tis strange how these Jesuits, so subtle and wise,
 Should all the Pope be so basely trepann'd,
 To hang with much comfort when he shall advise,
 And go to the Devil too at his command.

He may give them leave
 To lye and deceive;
 But what when the Rope does of Life them bereave
 Can his Holiness, think you, dispense with that pain
 Or by his Indulgences raise them again?

The truth of my Story, &c.

10.

Yet, like Mad men, of Life and Contempt they express
 And of their own happiness careles appear;
 For Life and for Money not one wou'd confess,
 They'd rather be Damn'd than be Rich & live here.
 But surely they rav'd,
 When God they out-brav'd,

And

And thought to renounce him the way to be sav'd,
And with Lies in their mouths go to Heav'n in a string
So prosper all Traytors, and God save the King.

The truth of my Story, &c.

Concordat cum Recordo Cl. Par.

*A general Sale of Rebellious Household-Stuff.
Tune, Old Simon the King.*

Rebellion hath broken up House,
And hath left me old Lumber to sell;
Come hither and take your choice:
I'll promise to use you well,
Will you buy the old Speaker's Chair,
Which was warm, and easie to sit in,
And often-times hath been made clean,
When as it was fouler than sitting,
Says old Symon the King,
Says old Symon the King,
With thread-bare Cloaths, and his mams Nose,
Sing hey ding, ding, a ding ding.

2.
Will you buy any Bacon-fitches?
They're the fattest that ever were spent;
They're the sides of the Old Committees,
Fed up with th' Long Parliament,
Here's a pair of Bellows and Tongs,
And for a small matter I'll sell 'em;
They're made of the Presbyters Lungs,
To blow up the Coals of Rebellion,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

3.
I had thought to have given them once
To some Black-Smith for his Forge;

But,

But, now I have consider'd on't,
 They're Consecrated to the Church;
 For I'll give them to some Choir,
 To make the *Organs* to rore,
 And the little Pipes squeak higher
 Than ever they did before,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

4.

Here's a couple of Stools for sale,
 The one square, and t'other is round;
 Betwixt them both, the Tail
 Of the *RUMP* fell unto the ground.
 Will you buy the States Council-Table,
 Which was made of the good Wain-Scot;
 The frame was a tottering Babel,
 To uphold the *Independent-Plot*?
Says old Symon the King, &c.

5.

Here's the Beesom of *Reformation*,
 Which should have made clean the Floor;
 But it swept the Wealth out of th' Nation,
 And left us Dirt good store.
 Will you buy the States Spinning-wheel,
 Which spun for the Ropers Trade?
 But better it had stood still,
 For now it has spun a fair Thread,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

6.

Here's a very good Clyster-pipe,
 Which was made of a Butchers flump;
 And oft-times it hath been us'd
 To cure the Colds of the *RUMP*.
 Here's a lump of *Pilgrims-Salve*,
 Which once was a justice of Peace,

Who

Who Not and the Devil did serve;
But now it is come to This,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

7.
Here's a Roll of States Tobacco,
If any Good Fellow will take it:
It's neither Virginia nor Spanish,
But I'd tell you how they do make it,
'Tis Covenant mixt with Engagement,
With an Abjuration Oath;
And many of them that did take it
Complain it is foul in the mouth,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

8.
Yer the Ashes may happily serve
To Cure the Scab of the Nation,
When they have an Itch to serve
A Rebellion by Innovation.
A Lanthorn here is be bought,
The like was scarce e'n begotten;
For many a Plot it has found out,
Before they ever were thought on,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

Will you buy the Ramp's great Saddle
Which once did carry the Nation?
And heres the Bit and the Bridle,
And Curb of Diffimulation
Here's the Breeches of the Ramp,
With a fair dissembling Cloak,
And a Presbyterian Jump,
With an Independant Smock,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

Who O Here's

Here's *Oliver's* Brewing-Vessels.

And here's his Dray and his Slings,

Here's *Hepson's* Aul and his Brittles,

With divers other odd things,

And what doth the Price belong

To all these matters before-ye?

I'll sell them all for an *Old Song*,

And so I do end my story,

Says *old Symon the King*,

Says *old Symon the King*,

With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his mamsy Nose,

Sing bey ding, ding, a ding ding.

Advice to the City: or, the Whigs Loyalty.

To a Theorbo.

Remember ye Whigs what was formerly done,
Remember your Mischiefs in Forty and One,
When Friend oppos'd Friend, and Father the Son,
Then, then the Old Cause went rarely on;

The Cap sat aloft, and low was the Crown,

The Rable got up, and the Nobles went down;

Lay Elders in Tubs,

Rul'd Bishops in Robes,

Who mourn'd the sad Fate

And dreadful Disaster,

Of their Royal Master,

By Rebels betray'd.

Then London be wise, and baffle their Power,

And let them play the old Game no more;

Hang, hang up the Sheriffs

Those Baboons in Power,

Those popular Thieves,

Those Rats of the Tower,

Whose

Whose Canting Tales the Rabble believes,

In a hurry

And never sorry:

Merely they still go on,

For shame,

We're too tame, since they claim the combat;

Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra,

Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra;

Dub, a dub, and let the Drum beat,

The strong Militia guard the Throne.

2.

When Faction possesses the popular Voice,

The Cause is supply'd still with Non-sense & noise;

And Toney their Speaker, the Rabble leads on,

He knows if we prosper, that he must run.

Carolina must be his next Station of ease,

And London be rid of her worst Disease,

From Plots and from Spies,

From Treason and Lies,

We shall ever be free,

And the Law shall be able,

To punish a Rebel

As cunning as he.

Then London be wise, &c.

3.

Rebellion ne'er wanted a Loyal pretence;

These Villains swear all's for the good of their

Prince:

Oppose our Elections, to shew what they dare,

And losing their Charter, Arrest the Lord Mayor.

Fool Jenks was the first o' th' Cuckoldly Crew,

With Ellis, and Jeykel, and Hubland the Jew,

Fam'd Sparks of the Town,

For Wealth and Renown,

S

Give the Devil his due,
 And such as we fear,
 Had their Sovereign been there,
 Th'had Arrested Him too.

Then London be wise, &c.

Blanket-Fair, or the History of Temple-street.
 Being a Relation of the merry Pranks plaid on the
 River of Thames during the great Frost.

Tune, Packington's Pound

1. [cold]

Come listen a while (though the Weather be
 In your Pickers & Plackets your Hands you
 I'll tell you a Story as true as tis rare, I may hold.
 Of a River turn'd into a Bartholomew Fair.

Since Old Christmas last

There has been such a Frost, [crost.
 That the Thames has by half the whole Nation been
 O Scullers I pity your fate of Extreame,
 Each Land-man is now become free of the Thames.

'Tis some Lapland Acquaintance of Conjuror Oates,
 That has ty'd up your Hands & imprison'd your Boats
 You know he was ever a friend to the Crew
 Of all that to Admiral James has bin true.

Where Sculls once did Row

Men walk to and fro,

But e're four months are ended 'will hardly be so.
 Should your hopes of a Thaw by this weather be
 crost,

Your Fortunes would soon be as hard as the Frost.

2. In Roast Beef and Brand much money is spent
 In Booths made of Blankets that pay no Ground-rent

Wich

With old fashion'd *Chimneys* the *Rooms* are secur'd
And the *Houses* from danger of *Fire* ensur'd.

The chief place you meet

Is call'd *Temple-street*,

If you do not believe me, then you may go see't.
From the *Temple* the *Students* do thither resort,
Who were always great *Patrons* of *Revels* & *Sport*.

4.

The *Citizen* comes with his *Daughter* or *Wife*,
And swears he ne'r saw such a sight in his life:
The *Prentices* starv'd at home for want of *Goals*,
To catch them a *beat* do flock thither in *shoals*,
While the *Country Squire*
Does stand and admire

At the wondrous conjunction of *Water* and *Fire*.
Straight comes an arch *Wag*, a young *Son* of a *Whore*,
And lays the *Squires* head where his *heels* were be-

5.

The *Rotterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting *Scates*,
To pleasure the crowd shews his *tricks* & his *feats*,
Who like a *Rope-dancer* (for all his *sharp Steels*)
His *Brains* and activity lie in his *Heels*.

Here are all things like fate
Are in slippery *state*,

From the sole of the *Foot* to the crown of the *Pate*.
While the *Rabble* in *Sledges* run giddily round,
And nought but a circle of folly is found.

6.

Here *Damselfs* are handed like *Nymphs* in the *Bath*,
By *Gentlemen-Ushers* with *Legs* like a *Lath*.
They slide to a *Tune*, and cry give me your *Hand*,
When the tottering *Hops* are scarce able to stand.

Then with fear and with care

They arrive at the *Fair*,

Where *Wench*es sell *Glasses* & crackt *Earthen* ware;
To shew that the *World*, & the *pleasures* it brings,
Are made up of *brittle* and *slippery* things.

A *Spark* of the *Bar* with his *Cane* and his *Muff*,
One day went to treat his new rigg'd *Kitchin* stuff,
Let slip from her *Gallant*, the gay *Damsel* try'd
(As oft she had done in the *Country*) to slide,

In the way lay a *stump*,

That with a damn'd *Thump*,

She broke both her *Shoe*-strings & cripl'd her *Rump*.
The heat of her *Buttocks* made such a great *thump*.
She had like to have drown'd the man of the *Tun*.

8.

All you that are warm both in *Body* and *Purse*,
I give you this *warning* for better or worse,
Be not there in the *Moonshine*, pray take my *advice*
For *slippery* things have been done on the *Ice*.

Maids there have been said

To lose *Maiden-head*,

And *Sparks* from full *Pockets* gone empty to *Bed*.
If their *Brains* and their *Bodies* had not been too
warm,

'Tis sorry to one they had come to less harm.

Freezland-Fair, or the *Icy Bear-Garden*.

Tune, *Packington's Pound*.

I'll tell ye a *Tale* 'tho' before 'twas in *Print*)
If you make nothing on't, than the *Devil* is in't
'Tis no tale of a *Tub*, nor the *Plotting* of *Jacobsen*,
But of very *strange* things have been done this
Ye know there's a *Brook*, [strange Season.

No, no, I mistook,

For

For I could not find it, tho' long I did look;
 Yet I do not question, for all these odd *fracks*,
 We shall find it again when e're the *frost* breaks.

2.

If ye do believe what was told us by *Clats*,
 Ye never again will have use of your *Boats*;
 Without ye do now imploy th' *Whealers* to do'r,
 Ye never ne'r will be able to bring all about.

He talkt of a *Plot*,

Believe it, or not,

To blow up the *Thames*, and to do't on the *Spot*;
 Then either the *Doctor* must now be believ'd,
 Or else the *Doctor* and we are deceiv'd.

3.

No *Water* I see which does fairly incline,
 To make me believe that he has *Sprung* his *Mine*;
 Tho' that did not do what the *Doctor* intended,
 Yet he may for one thing be said to be commended.

He said that the *Pope*,

Pray mind, 'tis a *Trope*,

Wou'd send us his *Bulls*, by the way of the *Hope*;
 And tho' for the *sight* we have all along bin waiting
 I t'other day saw on the *Ice* a *Bull*-baiting.

4.

I hope you'll believe me, 'twas a fine *Sight*,
 As ever I saw on a *Queen* *Besses* Night;
 Tho' I must confess I saw no such *Dogs* there,
 As us'd to attend on th' *Infallible* Chair.

Yet there were some *Men*.

Whom I knew again,

Who *banl'd* as they did, when they chose *Aldermen*.
 And faith it had bin a most excellent *Show*.
 Had there bin but some *Crackers* and *Serpents* to
 throw.

5. Ano.

Another thing pleas'd me, as I hope for Life,
 I saw of a Man that had gotten a Wife
 To see the rare *Woimfies*, the *Woman* was sick,
 So never suspected a *slippery Trick*;

But when she came there,
 The *lee* wou'd not bear,
 But whether 'twas *his fault* or *hers*, I can't swear;
 Yet thus far is true, had he lost his *Wife*,
 He then might have pray'd for a *Frost* all his life

There's very fine *Tricks*, & new Subject for *Laugh*
 For there you may take a *Coach* and go by *Water*,
 So get a *Tarpauling* too, as you are *Jogging*,
 Tho' a *Nymph* t'other day for it got a good *Flog*.
 There was an old *Toast*,

Of *Beef* had a *Roast*,
 Which fell into th' *Sellar*, and fairly was lost.
 O see in old *Proverbs* sometimes there is truth,
 A Man is not sure of his *Meat* till in's *Mouth*.

But I had forgot my chief business I swear,
 To give an Account of new *Temple Street Fair*;
 Where most of the *Students* do daily resort,
 To shew the great love they had always for sport.
 Who oft give a *Token*,

I hope may be spoken,
 To *Whore* in a *Mash*, who *sneaks* like a *Pig* a *Poke* in
 To see such *crack's* *Vessels* sail is a new matter,
 Who have bin so *shatter'd* between *Wind* & *Water*.

Like *Babel* this *Fair*'s not built with *Brick* or *Stone*
 Though here I believe is as great *Confusion*;
 Now *Blankets* are forc'd double *Duty* to pay,

On

On *Beds* all the night, and for *Houses* all day ;
 But there's something more,
 Some people deplore,
 Their carelessly leaving open *Sellar* door,
 Which puts me in mind of *Jack Presbyter's* trick,
 Who from *Pulpit* descends the like way to old *Nick*.

9.
 Come all ye young *Damsels* both *swarthy* and *fair*,
 This is the best place to put off your *Crack Ware* ;
 Here's *Chapmen* good store who too't *sisty* will stand,
 And scorn to put *Chin* that is false in your *Hand* :

While you're there abiding,
 And on the *Ice Gliding*,
 Let 'em say what they will, 'tis but a *back sliding*;
 But if ye shou'd *Prove*, then say I am a *Prophet*,
 Tho'tis a *slippery trick* there shall come no more of it

10.
 There's many more *Tricks*, but too long to be told,
 Which are not all *new*, tho' there's none of 'em *old*.
 There's the *Fellow* that *Printeth* the *Old Bailey Trial*,
 Who to all the dull *Printers* does give a *Denial* ;

He'll *Print* for a *Stee*,
 (For that is his price,
 Your *Name* (that you brag may 'twas done) on
 And *Faich* I do think it a very *fine* thing, [the *Ice*.
 So my *Tale's* at an end, but first, *God save the King*.

Toney's Soliloquies.
 Tune, *The Lamentation of a bad Man*.

1.
 W^Hen the *Plot* I first invenred,
 I was ravish'd in conceit,
 To see its *Frame* so well cemented,
 Varnish'd over with *Decent*.

(16.)

It was an Infant of my Spirit,
Nay, the Darling of my Soul,
If its contrivance be a Merit,
By *four* the *Cooper* did well Boul.

2.

For to give this *Engine* Motion,
To arrive where it did tend,
I fill'd the *Vulgar* ears with *Norions*,
And *Gospel* of my *Oaten Friend*;
I antedated all *Transactions*,
Distinguish'd *Stiles* of *New and Old*,
In the State I made such *Fractions*:
Some I *Bought*, and some I *Sold*.

3.

The *Mobile* I so distemper'd,
With the *Magick* of my *Care*,
None but wou'd his *Soul* have ventur'd
Where brave *Tony* bore a *Share*;
Have I not in *Abomination*
Held the *Miser* and *Lawn Sleeves*,
And litch at a second *Sequestration*,
To pull down such *Ghostly Thieves*.

4.

Have I not Taught the *Sanhedrim*
To *Imperate* and not *Obeys*?
Th' had *Genustlections* done to them,
Which men to *Crowned Heads* do pay.
Then would I *Barter* for *Repeal*
O' th' *Five and Thirtieth* of *Q. Bess*,
To make a way for *Commonweal*,
(The *Centre* of our *Happiness*.)

5.

How many hot and high *Debates*,
In favour of th' *Exclusive Bill*,

I bandy'd 'twixt the two *Estates*,
 Th' effects of my depraved will;
 By *Subornation*, to the *Block*
 I brought, a *Loyal Noble Peer*;
 And trusted others to that *Lock*,
 Which cost my *Buck* and me so dear.

6.

In fine, poor profligated *Wretch*,
 For to indulge my *Minion Spight*,
 My *Sesred Conscience* I did stretch,
 And did *Old Rowley's Guards* indict
 I did espouse all *Wickedness*,
 And only lov'd what's purely *Evil*;
 In that alone was my excess;
 Then take thy own *Associate, Devil*.

Rejoyce in Tryumph, Or a Plaudite on the Otta-
 mens defeat at Vienna.

Tune, Hark how the thundering Cannons roar.

1.

I'M glad to hear the *Cannons* roar
 Resounding from the *German* shoar,
 Better News than heretofore,
 That *Babel's Beast* is wounded;
 The *Christians* brave, both all and some
 Charge with the *Horse* and *Kettle-Drum*,
 The Enemy of *Christendom*,
 Till *Jurks* are quite confounded.

2.

The King of *Poland* (in a Phraise)
 The great *Grand-Seigneur* did amaze,
 And the noise his Siege did raise,
 Courageous *Solymanus*!
 (If you resolve to come again)

You

You must recruit both might and main,
Or else it will be all in vain,
To think that thy 'l trepan us,

His Christian Majesty of *France*
Doth Boory play, the *Germans* dance,
And he dorth laugh at our mischance,
Himself he dare not venter;
But Pimp the Beast, and *Babel's Whore*,
And he Bo-peep stands at the door,
While the wanton Cannon roar,
Then *Hector*-like he'l enter.

But Spite on *Turk*, and Great *Mogul*,
And Pox upon the *Scarlet Trull*,
And we *Poppie* too dare pull,
If *Charles* be our Commander;
For though He Neutral seem to be,
He can command both Land and Sea,
And over-throw the big-look'd Three,
And trace brave *Alexander*.

Then let no rancor joyn'd with hate
Make Ruptures in the Church or State,
But all submit to Divine Fate,
And keep within our Border;
Let none old *England* then forsake,
(Since Crowns and Kingdoms lye at Stake)
If Forreign War to undertake,
Till *Charles* get further Order.

The *Germans* tall that heretofore,
They Captive took one *Bull*, and *Boar*,
The *Minotaurus* of a *Whore*,

Mery *lio*

Did roar like any Thunder;
 Then P. P. how could this be
 The Great Gibraltar of the Sea?
 Whose Army was to Fight with thee
 And force the World to wonder.

But *Ormen* pray get you gone,
 We *Christians* do but draw you on;
 We'l greater Booty have, or none,
 And if you'l not prevent it;
 If ever you turn your Face this way
 We'll make the Cannon musick play
 And you shall Dance the English Hay,
 Till all your bones lament it.

Our Royal James will make you know
 The sharpness of a 70 lb. Fire Ho,
 And prove by Land and Sea your Foe
 Both English, Spanish, Dutch and Dane,
 Will not be able to refrain;
 If he once say do it.

Then fill the Pipe-pot to the Swine,
 Heave up a roling Glass of Wine,
 The dancing Times shall pledge the King
 And you shall be the only King
 Then those who rule the Main,
 To *Holland*, *Hollands*, *Sea* and *Dane*,
 To *Germany*, and brave *Leopold*,
 But pray you please say.

The

And there

Cu-

Cupid turn'd Musqueteer: for his
Tune, *Which no body can deny.*

A Las what's is like to become of the *Plot*
Now *They* are dead, and *Titus* is gone
In so fair a prospect of going to Pot & a

Which no body can deny.

They say he has lately reviv'd an old trick, and
Which he us'd as a Med'cine when he was Love
Page, Bayliff or Bum to take in the Nick, (fick,

Which no body can deny.

Now *Titus* for one of his Saints Tutelars,
Had got a young Fellow as Brawny as Mars,
With a thousand invincible Charms in his Arm

Which no body can deny.

A large pair of Buttocks as ever was seen,
With a delicate Nut-brown hole between,
And rascally *Cupid* lay lurking Within

Which no body can deny.

Whence *Centinel*-like with his Gun in his hand,
He spy'd out the *Dollar* & charg'd him to stand,
Not doubting but He would obey his command

Which no body can deny.

But he disobey'd; which when *Cupid* espied,
He quickly presented: *Have-at-you* he cry'd,
And lodg'd him a Bullen in his left side,

Which no body can deny, &c.

'Tis true he was gun'd (as Poets have said)
With only a Bow and a Quiver of old
And Arrows for Love, which were headed with

Which no body can deny, &c.

Gold,
Which still he does use, as h' has formerly done,
When th' old way of *Loving* he means to drive on
But for this new way he makes use of a Gun,

Which no, &c.

The

The Gun went off bouage, yet the Dr. n'er started
Which was some effect of his being stout-hearted,
For he only thought that the Fellow had farted,
Which no body can deny.

But quickly he found he had cause to repent it,
For Cupid had poison'd the shot e'r he sent it,
With something so strong, you might easily sent it.

This poison so basely debases Loves Fires,
That the foulest of objects the Lover admires,
And so it inclin'd the good Doctor's Desires,

For he fell in love ('tis a kind of a Riddle)
Immediately with this great Fellows Bumfiddle;
But chiefly he smelt at the Stink in the middle,

Quoth he in a rage, What a plague have you done?
Your Barrel is foul; I'll lay Twenty to One;
But I have a Rammer will scour your Gun,

Nay, never refuse, but leave off your winking;
There's no body near, & tis not so my thinking,
That I shou'd chastize you thus for your stinking

So down went the Breeches, and he fell to work;
About him he laid, as he had been a Turk;
And so this great bus'ness was done with a Jerk,

And truly the bus'ness was great in its kind;
For the Fellow was very well scour'd behind,
And the Dr. was eas'd both in Body and Mind,

The

No Protestant Plot; *or, the Whigs' Loyalty*
With the Doctor's New Discovery.

Hells restless Factions Agents still Plot on,
 And Eighty Three smells rank of Forty One;
 The Royal Martyr's Foes pursue his Son,
 Who seek their Lives with Blunder-buss and Guns;
 The Infernal Regicides so inflam'd with Zeal,
 Are for killing King & Duke, 'Erect a Commonwealth
 This is the daily Trade & practice of our Modern
Whiggs.

Tho' they're always baffled in their damn'd In-
 [trigues.

What! Ho! cries *Tims*, rise ye sleepy Heads,
 Unless you'll all be Murder'd in your Beds;

Fierce *Hannibal* of France is at your Gate,
 Gome Rascals, Marrye'er 'tis too late.

The Spanish Pilgrims once hir'd to cut your Throats
 Are Landed now at Milford Haven, believe your
 Saviour Oats;

And the Horrid Popish Army, that were hid under
 Are, I'll take my Oath, within a Trumpets Sound.

See there, a Fighting Army in the Air!
 But now it vanishes, and disappears;

A Spectre told strange Things to Fonest Bess,
 Which much amaz'd the Hatfield Prophets;

['tbe I told 'em true at first, what Black Designs would
 Carry'd on against the King, and Royal Alliance,

By the discontented Whiggs; but Rebel Tom since,
 Made me contradict my former evidence.

I've lost my Swearing Trade, now by this Hand,
 Must

Must I be forc'd to *starve*, or leave the *Land*;
 My injur'd *Prince* has long since on me frown'd,
 For *Perjuries* against his *Life* and *Crown* :
 I'll follow *Rumbold*, *Wade*, *Nelthrop*, *Walcot*, *Hone*,
 With that *Cruel Blood-Hound* *Barton*, who've all
 fled the *Town* ; [ful Fears,
 For if I carry here any longer, I harbour dead-
 That I shall be *Hang'd*, or forfeit both my *Ears*.

Unparallel'd *Assassines*, that could dare
 To attempt the *Life* of *Jove's Vice-Genet* here ;
 Of whom the *Gods* do take such special care,
 None ought to mutter *Treason* to the *Air* ;
 But cut-*Throat Protestants* may do any thing,
 And Inform the *Roman Catholics* how to *Murder*
Kings ; [for Villany,
 They take it in great *Dudgeon* to be equaliz'd
 Yet their *Hellish Crimes* must pass for *Loyalty*.

But thanks to *Heaven*, who did curb their *Power*,
 And has preserved us from that *Fatal Hour* :
 When *Villains* were to *Masacre* us all,
 And *Noll's Successors* to possess *White-hall* ;
Ramsay has taken up *White-hall* for his *Dwelling*,
 And the *Lord Russel* is gone to fortifie the *Tower* :
 Whilst we that stand for *Church* and *State* ; with
 great security can *Sing*. [King.
 And Pray *Jove* to preserve the *Life* of *Charles* our

The *Loyal Conquest*, or *Destruction* of *Treason*.
 Tune, Lay by your *Pleading*, the *Law* by's *Bleeding*.

Now *Loyal Tories*
 May *Tryumph* in *Glories*,

The Fatal Plot is now betray'd,
 The rest were Sham and Stories.
 Now against Treason,
 We have Law and Reason;
 And e'ry Bloody Whig must go,
 To Por in Time and Season.

No Shamming, nor Flanning,
 No Ramming, nor Damming,
 No Ignoramus Jury's now,
 For Whigs, but only Hanging,

2.

Look a little farther,
 Place things in order,
 Those that seek to Kill their King,
 Godfrey might Murder,
 Now they'r Detested,
 By Heaven Neglected;
 In black despair cut their Throats,
 Thus Plato's Work's effected.

No Shamming, nor Flanning, &c.

3.

Catch grows in Passion,
 And fears this New Fashion;
 Left ev'ry Traitor hang himself,
 And spoyl his best Profession.
 Tho' four in a Morning
 Tyburn Adorning,
 He Cryes out for a Score a time,
 To get his Men their Learning.

No Shamming, nor Flanning, &c.

4.

Now we have founded
 The bottom which confounded,
 Our Plotting Parliament of late

Who

Who had our King surrounded,
Hamden and others,
 And *Trenbald* were Brothers;
 Who were to kill the King and Duke
 And hang us for their Murthers.

No Shamming, nor Flaming, &c.

Surprising the Tower
 And Court in an Hour,
 And enter in at the Traitors Gate,
 But was not in their Power,
 Our Guards now are Doubled,
 E're long they will be Trebled,
 The Harmony of Gun and Drum,
 Makes Gully Conscience Troubled.

No Shamming, nor Flaming, &c.

6.

If Grey is Reraken,
 The Root o'th' Plot is shaken,
Rufel lately lost his Head,
 The Bleeding Cause so Waken,
M——b in Town fill,
 With *Armstrong* his Council;
 The Lady G—— may find him out,
 Under some Smock or Gown fill,

No Shamming, nor Flaming, &c.

7.

Give 'em no Quarter,
 They Aim at Crown and Garter,
 They re of that Bloody Regiment,
 That made their King a Martyr,
 Leave none to breed on,
 They'd make us to bleed on,
 They are the bloody & Caniballs

That

That ever men did Read on,
No Shamming, nor Flaming,
No Ramming nor Damming,
No Ignoramus Jury's now,
For Whiggs, but only Hanging.

State and Ambition; *A New SONG at the Dukes Theatre.*

State and Ambition alas will deceive ye,
 there's no solid joy but the *Blessing of Love*,
 Scorn does of pleasure fair *Silvia* bereave ye,
 your fame is not perfect till that you remove:
Monarch's that sway the vast *Globe* in their glory
 now *Love* is their brightest jewel of Power,
 Poor *Strepbon's* heart was ordain'd to adore ye,
 ah! then disdain his *Passion* no more.

2.

Jove in his *Throne* was the Victim of *Beauty*,
 his thunder laid by he from *Heaven* came down
 Shap'd like a *Swan*, to fair *Leda* paid duty,
 and priz'd her far more than his *Heavenly Crown*
 She too was pleas'd with her *Beautiful Lover*,
 she strok'd his fair *Plumes* and feasted her *Eye*,
 And he too in *loving* knew well how to move her,
 by *Billing* begins the business of *joy*.

3.

Since *Divine Powers* examples have given,
 If we do not follow their precepts we sin,
 Sure 'twill appear an affront to their *Heaven*,
 If when the *Gates* open we enter not in;
Beauty my dearest was from the beginning,
 ordained to cool *Mans amorous rage*,
 And she that against that decree will be sinning
 in *Spring*, she will find the *Winter* of *Age*.

4. Think

Think on the pleasure while Love's in its glory,
 let not your scorn Loves great Altar disgrace,
 The time may come when no Spain will adore ye
 or smooth the least wrinkle age lays on your face;
 Then hast to enjoyment whilst love is fresh blooming,
 and in thy height and vigour of day.
 Each minute we lose, our pleasure's consuming,
 and seven years to come, will not one past repay.

Think my dear Silvia, the Heavenly blessing,
 of loving in Youth, is the Crown of our days,
 Short are the hours where Love is possessing;
 but tedious the minutes when crost with delays
 Love's the soft Amul where Nature's agreeing,
 all mankind are form'd, and by it they move,
 'Tis thence my dear Silvia and I have our being,
 the Caesar and Spain spring from Almighty Love.

I see my dear Silvia at last has consented,
 that blush in your Cheek does plainly appear,
 And nought but delay shall be ever repented,
 so faithful I'll prove, and so true to my Dear
 Then Hymen prepare, and light all thy Torches,
 perfume thy head Altar, and strew all the way,
 By little degrees Love makes his approaches,
 but Revels at night for the loss of the day.

Pluto, the Prince of Darkness, his Entertainment of
 Collonel Algernoon Sidney, upon his Arrival at
 the Infernal Palace. Tune, Hail to Mistle Shade,

Pluto.

Room for great Algernoon,
 You Furies that stand in his way;

Let

Let an Officer to me come,
 Who serv'd me every day,
 Promoting Sedition and Evil,
 To alter the Church and State,
 He deserves an Employment in *Hell*,
 He has done great service of late.

Pluto.

He's one of the Damn'd old Crew,
 Who Voted the Death of the *King*;
 At *Oxford* again he did sue
 To be at the self-same thing.
 All Mischief on Earth he devis'd,
 All hazards he also did run,
 To render my Name solemniz'd
 With the Rabble of *London Town*.

Pluto.

To *Monarchy* he was a Foe,
 Religion he always disdain'd,
 'Gainst *Government* and *Laws* too,
 Damn'd *Anarchy* he maintain'd:
 I'll give Thee Preferment here,
 Since *England* has banish'd thee thence,
 Brave *Sidney* thou need'st not fear,
 Thou shalt have great recompence.

Shaftsbury.

Now *Monarchy* has prevail'd,
 Our *Fanatick Plots* to defeat,
 On whom is the *Cause* entail'd?
 Who'll stand it in spite of *Fate*?
 We that maintain'd it so long
 From justice were forced to fly;
 If you then had come along,
 You needed not there to die.

Exit.

The *Factions* are quite undone,
 For loss of the *Fanatick Peers*;
 Now *Shaftsbury* and *Lord* gone,
 Poor *Oates* has lost his *Bar*;
 For M---b our *Shams* and *Intrigues*
 To th' World has plainly declar'd,
 And H---d our solemn *Leagues*,
 In the *Plot* a long time prepar'd.

Russel.

I'm glad you are safe arriv'd,
 Tho' I doubt you met *Jack* by the way
 Now M---b is reconcil'd,
 What a plague is become of *Grub*?
Rebellion could ne'r disallow
 Conspiring against the *Prin*,
 Though I by a *Sham-dying* *Vow*
 Did plead great *Innocence*.

The Kings Health, set to *Fanatics*'s Grounds.

In his *PARLAMENT*.

First Strain.

Joy to Great *Cesar*,
 Long Life, Love and Pleasure;
 'Tis a Health that *Divine* is,
 Fill the Bowl high as mine is;
 Let none fear a *Fever*,
 But take it off thus Boys;
 And the King leave for ever,
 'Tis no matter for us Boys.

Second Strain.

T'ry all the *Loyal*,
 Defy all,
 Give denial;
 And the King leave for ever, *Sure*

Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,
 Nor any Pig here,
 Or Sneaking Whig here,
 Of Cripple *Tory's* Cove,
 That now looks blew,
 His Heart Akes too,
 The *Tap* won't do,
 His Zeal so true,
 And Projects new,
 Ill Fate does now pursue.

Third Strain

Let *Tories* Guard the King,
 Let Whigs in *Halters* swing;
 Let *Pilk* and *Scurr* be damn'd,
 Let Bugg'ring Outes be damn'd
 Let Chearing *Play* be nick'd,
 The Turn-coat *Scribe* be kick'd,
 Let Rebel *Ciry Don's*

Never beget their Sons,
 Let ev'ry Whiggin *Pearl*
 That Rapes a Lady fair,
 And leaves his only Dear
 The *Sheers* to gnaw and rear,
 Be punish'd out of Hand,
 And forc'd to pave his Land
 To atone the grand Affair.

Fourth Strain

Great *Charles*, like *Jehovah*, spare those
 would on-Kinghim
 And warms with His Graces the Vipers that
 Ring Him;
 Till Crown'd with just Anger the Rebels he
 seizes:
 Thus Heaven can Thunder when ever it pleases.

Fil.

Jigg.

Then to the Duke fill, fill up the Glass,
The Son of our Martyr, belov'd of the King,
Envy'd and Lov'd,
Yet Bless'd from above,
Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.

Sixth Strain.

Faction and Folly,
And State Melancholly,
With Tomy in Whigland for ever shall dwell;
Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,
Then teach us our Duty,
For none e're can Love, or be Wise and Rebel.

*A New SONG on the Instalment of Sir John Moor
Lord Mayor of London.*

Tune, St. George for England.

You London Lads rejoyce,
And cast away your Care,
Since with one Heart and Voice
Sir John is chosen Mayor;
The Famous Sir John Moore,
Lord Mayor of London Town,
To your eternal Praise,
shall stand a Subject of Renown,
Amongst your Famous Worthies
Who have been most esteem'd;
For Sir John, Sir John,
Your Honour hath redeem'd.
Sir John He's for the Kings Right,
Which Rebels would destroy
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When with a Hide-bound Mayor
 The Town was in Distraction,
 Sir John leapt in the Chair,
 And cur'd the *Hall* of Faction :
 He to the People shew'd
 Their Duty and Allegiance;
 How to the Sacred King and Laws
 They pay their due Obedience.
 Sir George unto the People
 A Loyal Speech did give ;
 But Sir John, Sir John,
 Your Honour did retrieve.
Sir John is for Allegiance,
Which Rebels wou'd destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When thou wast lost, O London,
 In Faction and Sedition ;
 By *Whigs* and *Zealots* undone,
 While they were in Commission ;
 When *Treason*, like old *Nol's* Brigade,
 Did gallop through the Town,
 And Loyalty, (a tir'd jade,)
 Had cast her Rider down ;
 The Famous Sir George *Jeffereys*
 Your Charter did maintain ;
 But Sir John, Sir John,
 Restor'd your Fame again.
Sir John is for the Monarchy,
Which Rebels wou'd destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When th' Mayor, with *Sheriff's* mounted,
 Sad *Jaloussies* contriv'd,
 And all the Town run after,

As if the Devil driv'd,
 Then Famous Sir John Moore
 Thy Loyalty restor'd,
 And Noble Sir George Jefferys,
 Who did thy Acts record:
 Sir George of all the Heroes
 Deserves the formost place;

But Sir John, Sir John,
 Hath got the Sword and Mace.

Sir John he is for Justice,
 Which Rebels wou'd destroy.

Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Patience would have the Court

Submit unto the City;

Whitehall stoop to the Change,

And is not that a pity?

Sh. Betbel (Save Allegiance)

Thinks nothing a Transgression

Sir Tom rails at the Lawful Prince,

Sir Bob at the Succession:

While still the brave Sir George

Does their Fury interpose:

But Sir John, Sir John

Mainrains the Royal Cause.

Sir John is for his Highness,

Whom Rebels wou'd destroy.

Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Patience for a Parliament,

Sh Betbel a Petition

Instead of an Address,

Tram'd brimful of Sedition.

Sir Tom he he is for Liberty,

Against Prerogative.

Sir Bob is for the Subjects Right,
But will no Justice give;
And brave Sir George does
All their Famous Deeds Record;
But Sir John, Sir John
Your Loyalty restor'd.
Sir John He's for the Im'rest,
Which Rebels would destroy,
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Patience he calls for Justice,
And then the Wretch will sham us;
Sh Bethel he packs a Jury
Well vers'd in Ignoramus;
Sir Tom wou'd hang the Tory,
And let the Whig go free;
Sir Bob wou'd have a Commonwealth,
And cry down Monarchy;
While still the brave Sir George
Does all their Debts Record;
But Sir John, Sir John
Your Loyalty restor'd.
Sir John He is for Justice,
Which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

And may such Loyal Mayors
As honest Sheriffs find;
Such Sheriffs find a Jury
Will to the King be kind;
And may the King live long,
To rule such People here;
And may he such a Lord Mayor find,
And Sheriffs every year;

That

That Traytors may receive
The Justice of the Laws,
While Sir John, Sir John
Maintains the Royal Cause.

'Sir John is for the King still,
Whom Rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

The Whig-Intelligencer : of, Sir Samuel in the
Pound, for publishing Scandalous and Seditious
Letters, for which he was Fined 1000 l.

Tune, Hark! the thundring Cannons roar.

I.

Hark! the fatal day is come,
Fatal as the day of Doom,
For Sir Samuel there make room,
So fam'd for Ignoramus.
He whose Conscience cou'd allow
Such large favours you know how,
If we do him Justice now,
The Brethren will not blame us.

2.

Stand to the Bar, and now advance,
Morden, Kendrick, Otes and Prance;
But let the Foreman lead the Dance,
The rest in course will follow.
Tilden, Kendrick, next shall come,
And with him receive their Doom,
Ten thousand Pound, at which round Sum
The Hall set up a Hullo.
Brave Sir Barnard-on now,
Who no Main would e'r allow
To lose ten thousand at a throw,
Was pleas'd to all mens thinking.

Q 3

Ten

Ten thousand pounds! a dismal noie,
 Who before had giv'n his Vote,
 Not to give King a Groat,
 To save the Throne from sinking

4.

But yet there's a Remedy,
 Before the King shall get by me,
 I'll quit my darling Liberty;
 Nor will I give Bail for't:
 For e're the Crown shall get a Groat
 In opposition to my Vote,
 I'll give 'em leave to cut my Throat
 Altho' I lye in Goal for't.

5.

Were't for Mon---b, I'd not grieve,
 Or Brave *Ruffel* to retrieve,
 Or that *Sidney* yet might live,
 Twice told, I'd not complain, Sir:
 Nay, what's more, my whole Estate,
 With my *Bedkins*, *Spoons*, and *Plate*,
 So I might reduce the State
 To a *Commonwealth* again, Sir.

6.

Or that *Mon.* were in Grace,
 Or Sir *Sam.* in *Jeffery's* place,
 To spit his Justice in the Face,
 For acting Law and Reason,
 Or that the *Torys* went to pot,
 Or we could prove it a Sham Plot,
 Or *Essex* did not cut his Throat;
 Or Plotting were not Treason.

7.

Thus I'd freely quit my Coyn;
 But with *Torys* to combine,

O

Or keep the Heir in the right Line,
 That Popery be in Fashion,
 To see the Holy Cause run down,
 While Mighy *Tork* is next the Crown,
 And *Perkin's* forc'd to flye the Town:
 Oh vile Abomination !

8.

Sooner than bedience owe
 To their Arbitrary Law,
 Or my Bail in danger draw,
 For Breach of good Behaviour
 I with *Bethel*, and the rest
 O'rh' Bird-, in Cage will make my Nest,
 And keep my Fine to Plot and Feast,
 Till Men — be in Favour.

Oates Thrasht'd in the Compter, and Sack'd-up in
 Newgate. Tune, *Hail to the Myrtle Shade*, &c.

Hail to the Prince of the Plot,
 All hail to the Knight of the Post;

Poor *Titus* ! 'tis now thy Lot

To pay for all the Rost:

From Wine and six Dishes a day

Is sure a deplorable Fate,

To fall to the Basket, and pray

For an Alms through an Iron-grate.

2.

Titus who once was a Prince,

Now *Titus* a Captive in Gaol;

Titus who lov'd a Wench,

Or any thing wore a Tail;

Titus who made a full pass

At a following Bum in the Room,

Is clapt up himself by th' Ar--
And cannot reverse his Doom.

Did *Titus* swear true for the King,
And is the good *Doctor* forsworn?
Did *Titus* our Freedom bring,
And *Otes* in *Newgate* mourn?
Was *Titus* the *Light* of the Town,
The *Saviour* and *Guardian* proclaim'd,
And now the poor *Doctor* thrown
To a *Dungeon*, in *Darkness* damn'd?

4.
But now, to declare the cause,
I'll tell you as brief as I can,
The *Doctor* can't in the close
Prove *Titus* an honest Man:
Can *Titus* be just to the King,
From *Treason* and *Treachery* free,
When the *Doctor* hangs in a String,
For *Plotting* and *Perjury*?

5.
For Damage the *Doctor* has done,
Poor *Titus* is got in the Pound,
Till the *Doctor* produce the Sum,
Full *Thirty thousand pound*:
If you knew on what damnable Store
Such perilous words he brought forth,
You'd say his false *Tongue* cost more
Than ever his *Head* was worth.

6.
The *Doctor* an Evidence
Against our Great *Duke* did come in,
Nay, such was his Insolence,
To impeach our Gracious *Queen*:

For Which such *Indictments* are brought,
 Such *Actions of Scandal* crowd in,
 That *Titus* could wish, 'tis thought,
 He were out of the *Doctor's* Skin.

7.

Nay, further, while *Titus* swore
 For the Safety and Life of the King,
 The *Doctor* began to roar,
 And belch'd out his poyson'd Sting:
 The *Doctor* for *Titus* may stretch,
 H'has so brought his bus'ness about,
 Without the kind help of *Ketch*,
 It's fear'd he will scarce get out:

8.

Through sixteen close Key-holes, 'tis plain,
 Invisible *Titus* did pass,
 And the *Doctor* got back again,
 To catch a great *Don* at *Mass*:
 But now they are both in the Trap,
 'Tis a Wager but *Jack* in the Fields,
 (Tho' *Titus* may chance to 'scape.)
 Has the *Doctor* fast by the heels.

A new way to Play an old Game.
 Tune, *Would you be a man of fashion,*

1.

HAVE you heard of *Forty-One* Sir,
 When the Cause did thrive amain;
Tony's Tap did freely run Sir,
Tap did freely run Sir,
 And confronted *Charles* his Wain?
 When the *Commons* thought it Reason,
 And a meritorious thing,
 To use *Villany* and *Treason*,
 And made *Charles* a *Glorious King*.

Have you heard of *Eighty-Three* Sir,
 When a deeper *Plot* was lay'n,
 When the Rascals did agree Sir,
 Rascals did agree Sir?
 To play o're the same again?
 When to act their Reformation,
 Nought their *Fury* would suffice,
 But they needs must Purge the *Nation*,
 By a *Royal Sacrifice*.

3.

Have you seen those *Molly-Martys*,
 That did suffer for the Cause,
 Swinging in their *Tyburn-Garters*,
 In their *Tyburn-Garters*,
 To Atone their Sacred Laws?
 If the *Blunderbuss*, shou'd miss Sir,
 And shou'd fail to kill the King,
 There are other means should hit Sir,
 And perform the Glorious Thing.

4.

To his Name a *Statue's* due Sir,
 Higher than the *Monument*,
 Who this mighty Deed shall do Sir,
 Mighty Deed shall do Sir,
 So Great, so Good, so Excellent:
 Future Ages shall him Crown Sir,
 And shall bless the happy hour,
 And Religion shall fall down Sir,
 And adore her saviour.

5.

Thus the Boasting *Bigots* Canred,
 Big with hopes of *Common-weal*,
 Thus the Priestly Villain Ranted,
 Priestly Villain Ranted,
 In a Drunken fir of Zeal:

But the
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 Signs
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But their *Plots* were all in vain Sir,
And their *Haughy* rash Career,
Signs and Wonders make it plain Sir,
Kings are Heavens peculiar Care.

The Loyal Irish-mam.
Tune, *Irish Trot, or Pinguil Jigg.*

1.

MY bony dear *Sbony*.
My Crony, my Honey
Why dost thou grumble
And keep in thy words so;
Sighing, and Crying,
And Groaning, and Frowning,
Ah why dost thou still
Lay thy hand on thy Sword so?
What if the Traytors
Will talk of State-matters,
And rail at the King,
Without Cause or Reason,
We'll Love on, and let Business alone,
For Billing and Kissing
Will ne'r be found Treason,

2.

Plotting, and Sotting,
And Railing, and Fooling;
Gods News, with the Rable
Is now all the Fashion:
Swearing and Tearing,
Caballing and Brawling;
By Chriest and St. Patrick
Will ruine the Nacion:
He's but a Widgeon
That talks of Religion

Since

Since Rebels are now
 The Reformers and Teachers,
Sodom's Disciple Debauches the People,
 Good Heaven defend us
 From more of such Preachers.

3.

Visions, Seditions,
 And Railing Petitions,
 The Rable receive,
 And are wondrous merry:
 All can remember
 The *Fifth of November*,
 But no man the *Thirtieth of January*:
 Talking of *Treason*
 Without any Reason,
 Will lose the poor City
 Its Bountiful Charter:
 The *Commons* haranging,
 Will bring them to Hanging,
 Though each Puppy hopes
 To be *Knight of the Garter*.

4.

C — on and P — on
 Papillion that Villain,
 With *Cornish* and *Ward*
 Are the Monarchy Hunters;
 Rascals too low are,
 To lodge in the *Tower*,
 And scarcely are fitting
 To fill up the *Compter*;
Bethel is fled too,
 And *Toney* is dead too,
 Our Fate to befriend us,
 Made bold to strike firs:

Routed

Routed the Bigot,
And pull'd out the Spigot,
His Fame and his Body
Now stink alike Sir.

A Litany from Geneva, In answer to that from
St Omers. [Stump,

From the Tap in the Guts of the Honorable
From which runs Rebellion, that stinks like
On purpose to leaven the Factious Lump, [the Rump,
Libera nos Domine.

From him that aspires as high as the Crown,
And vows to pull Copes and Cathedrals down,
Fit only to govern the World in the Moon.

Libera nos.

From the Prick-ear'd Levite, that can without pain
Swear Black into White, then Unswear it again;
Whose Name did design him a Villain in Grain,

Libera nos.

From his Black Bills, and Pilgrims with Sticks in
That came to make a Religious Band, [their hands
Then Ravish our Wives, and Inhabit our Land,

Libera nos.

From the Mouth of the City that never gives o'r
To complain of Oppressions unheard-of before,
And yet for his Lettbery will not quit Icore,

Libera nos.

From the Cent per Cent Scriv'ner, & all his State-tricks
That cryer out of Intemp'rance, who yet will not sick
To clear a young Spend-thrift's Estate at a tick,

Libera nos.

From the Force and the Fire of the Insolent Rable,
That wou'd hurl the Government into a Babel,
And from the nice Fare of the Mouse-starver's Table

Libera nos.

R

From

From the Elder in *New Street*, that Goggles & Cane
Then turns up his *Whites*, to nose it, and pants,
And at the same time plays the Devil and Saint,

Libera nos.

From *Jenkin's Homilies* drawn through the Nose,
From *Langley, Dick, Baldwin*, and all such as those,
And from *Brawney Settle's Poem in Prose*,

Libera nos.

From a *Surfeit* occasion'd by Protestant Feasts,
From *Sedition for Sauce*, and *Republicks for Guests*,
With *Treason for Grace-Cup*, or *Faction* at least,

Libera nos.

From the *Conscience* of *Cits*, resembling their Dames,
That in private are *Nice*, but in publick so *Tame*,
That they will not stick out for a Touch of the same,

Libera nos.

From the blind Zeal of all *Democratical Tools*,
From *Whigland*, and all its *Anarchibical Rules*,
Devis'd by *Knaves*, and Impos'd on *Fools*,

Libera nos.

From the *Late Times* Reviv'd, when Religion was
gain,

And *Church-Plate* was seiz'd for *Réliques* Prophane,
Since practis'd by Searching Sir *William* again,

Libera nos.

From such *Reformation* where Zealots begun,
To preach *Heaven* must by firm *Bulwarks* be won
And *Te Deum* sung from the mouth of a Gun,

Libera nos.

From *Parliamentarians*, that out of their Love
And Care for His Majesty's Safety, wou'd prove
The securest way were His Guards to remove,

Libera nos.

From

From Sawcy Petitions, that serve to inflame us,
 From all who for the Association are famous,
 From the Devil, the Doctor, & the damn'd Ignoramus
Libera nos.

The Norwich Loyal Litany.

Defend us from all Popish Plots,
 That so the People pray;
 And eke also from Treacherous Scots,
 As bad or worse than they.

From Parliaments long Rumps and Tails,
 From House of Commons Furies,
 Defend us eke from Protestant Flaysls,
 And Ignoramus Furies.

Protect us now, and evermore,
 From a white Sheet and Proffer;
 And from that Noble Peer brought o're
 The Salamanca Doctor.

A Doctor with a Witness sure,
 Both in his Rise and Fall;
 His Exit almost as obscure
 As his Original.

Designs and Dangers far Remove,
 From this Distressed Nation,
 And Damn' the Trayterous Model of
 Bold Tony's Association.

And may the Prick-Ear'd Party that
 Have Coin enough in Cupboard,
 Forbear to Shiver an Estate,
 And Splinters mount for Hobart.

From sixteen self-conceited Peers,
 Protect our Sovereign still;

And from the Dam'd Petitioners,
For the *Exclusive Bill*.

Guard (Heaven) great *Charles*, and his Estate
Gainst *Tony* upon *Tony*;

And from the *House of Commons*, that
Will give the King no Money.

From those that did design and laugh,
At *Tangier* in Distress;

And were *Mahometans* worse by half,
Then all the *Moors* of *Fez*

From such as with Usurping hand,
Drive Princes to Extreams;

Confound all their Devices, and
Deliver *Charles*, and *James*.

But may the beauteous *Youth* come home,
And do the thing that's fit,

Or I must tell that *Abjalon*,
He has more Hair then *Wit*.

May he be wise, and soon expel

Th' old *Fox*, th' old *Fawning Elf*;

The time draws nigh *Achitophel*,

Shan't need to hang himself.

This Jury I've Empanel'd here,

Of honest lines and true,

Whom you I doubt at *Westminster*,

Will find *Ignoramus* too.

A new Litany to be Sung in all Conventicles for In-
struction of the Whigs

Tune, call'd a Cavalilly Man.

FROM Counsels of Six, where Treason prevails,
From raising Rebellion in England and Wales,

From

From Rambolds short Cannons, and Protestant-Flays,
For ever O Fate deliver me.

2.

From Shaftsbury's Teners, and Sydneys Old Hint,
From seizing the King by the Rabbles Consent,
From owning the Fact, and denying the Guilt,

3.

From Aiming at Crowns, and indulging the Sin,
From playing Old-Nolls Game over again;
From a Son and a Rebel, stuff up in one skin,

For ever, &c.

From Swearing of Lyes like a Knight of the Post,
From Pilgrims of Spain, that should Land on our
Coast,

From a Plot like a Turd, swept about till its Lost,

From Oats's clear Evidence when he was Vext,
From bearing him squeak out Hugh Peters old Treason,
From Marrying one Sister, and Raping the next,

6.

From tedious Confinement by Parliament Votes,
From B-1s Whig Sermons with Marginal Notes,
From saving our Heads, by Cutting our Throats,

7.

From Presbyter Bandogs, that Bite and not Bark,
From losing ones Brains by a blow in the Dark,
From our Friends in More-fields and those at More-
park,

8.

From Citizens Consciences and their Wives soul rich,
From Marrying a Widdow that looks like a Witch,
From following the Court with design to be Rich,

9.

From Trimmer, arraigning a Judge on the Bench,
From slighting the Guards, that we know will not
Pinch,

R 3

And

And from the *Train'd-Bands Royal Aid* at a Pinch,
10. For ever, &c.

From all that to *Cesar* sham duty Express,
That cringe at his *Coach*, and smile in his *Lace*,
And two years ago thought it scorn to Address,
11. For ever, &c.

From having the *Gout*, and a very *Fair Daughter*,
From being oblig'd to our *Friend* cross the *Water*
From *Strangling & Fleying*, & what follows after,
12. For ever, &c.

From *Wit* that lies hidden in gay *Pantaloon*s,
From *Womens* ill Nature as frail as the *Moons*,
From *Franky's* lame *Jests*, and *Sir Rogers* *Lampoons*
For ever O Fate deliver me.

SONGS never before in Print.

A new SONG made on the *Parliaments* removing
from *London* to *Oxford*.

Tune, *You Yorkshire Lads be merry*, &c.

1.
YE *London Lads* be merry,
Yere *Parliament Friends* are gene;
That made us au se sorry,
And won'd not let us alene:
Bat pecht us e'ry Ene,
Both *Papist* and *Protestant* too;
But to *Oxford* they are gene,
And the *Deel* gang with them I row.

2.
Our gude King *Charles* Heven blefs Him,
Protecting of *Albanies* Right;
Received from the *Howse* like a Lesson,
Twas like to have set us at Strife: But

But Charles he swore by his Life,
 Heed have ne more like a dow;
 And he packt them off by this Light,
 And the Deel's gang'd with them I trow.

3.
 There's Essex and Jemmy the Cully,
 Were mickle too blame I dreed:
 With Shafsbury that States Bully,
 And aw the Factionous Breed:
 And wirral G— gud deed,
 Who Pimps when his Wife doth Mow,
 And holds the door for a need,
 But the Deel will reward him I trow.

4.
 Fool Thin and half-witted M—
 With Lo—ce, and Slabbering K—
 With Gogling Flee-catching B—
 That nere knew yet what he meant,
 And St—rd follows the scent
 With Polirick Armstrong and Hop,
 And they all a Petitioning went,
 And the Deel's gang'd with them I trow.

And once more hee's gone home
 Then Heaven protect Great Albany
 Guide him from Pistol and Gun,
 And all the Plors of Anthony,
 That Malirious Baboon:
 Tho sham'd on the Pope of Rome,
 As Dugdale and Out do avow,
 But in rime they'll hang the Fausse Loons,
 And the Deel hang with them I trow.

A new SONG, to the Tune, Ye London Lads be
Merry, &c.

1.

YOU Loyal Lads be merry,
For *Perkin* that State Buffoon,
Despis'd by *Whig* and by *Tory*,
For being so Faule a Loon:
To sham the Court and the Town,
And muckle did swear and vow
But like *Prance* he has chang'd his tone
And the *Deel* gang with him I trow:

2.

His Parry had taught him his Lesson,
And low he did sue for Grace;
He whin'd out a doleful Confession,
How great a *Traitor* he was;
And begg'd his *Pardon* might pass,
For he was a *Penitent* now;
But he bid the Court *Kiss his Arse*,
And the *Deel's* gang'd with him I trow:

And the *Deel's* gang'd with him I trow.

And once more he's got above *Hatches*,
And means to set up for a *King*;
The *Politricks* of his *Scotch Dutcheffs*,
This matter about did bring:
Ods wunds she longs to be *Queen*,
If *Perkin* and she knew how;
And yet in a *Heppen-String*,
They may gang to the *Deel* I trow.

And the *Deel's* gang'd with him I trow.

And this last mark of his *Treason*,
Is muckle exceeding the rest,
To a w Lads of Sense and of Reason;
T'has gain'd him many a Curse:

He

He might have been then at the worst
 Drawn in for a Cully of shew,
 But now 'tis past all distrust,
 That the *Deels* gang'd with him I trew.

Now Heaven blefs *Charles* the Second,
 And grant him of *Brutus* s mind;
 And then his nene Son will be reckon'd
 Among the *Trayterous* kind,
 And equal Justice will find.

By God and St. *Andrew* I trow;
 Were he o'my Daddy's nene kind,
 He should gang to the *Deel* I trew.

The Discoverers Discover'd.

A new Tune,

1.

Down Discoverers, who so long have Plotted
 With Holy shams to gull the Nation,
 Both Peer and Prelacy they useless Voted,
 By the Old Bibles of Reformation:
 Property's all their cry, Rights and Freedom,
 Laws and Religion they pull down;
 With old Inreftine Lance to bleed them,
 From Lawn-Sleeve'd Prelate to Purple Throne.

2

Confound the Hypocrites, *Erasmighams* Royal,
 Who think Allegiance a Transgression;
 Since to oppose the King is counted Loyal,
 And to rail high at the Succession:
 Monarchy's Tyranny, Justice is Cruel,
 Loyalists, Tories, and Rory Knaves;
 And *Dagons* Liberty's a Jewel,
 That we again may be *Brewers* Slaves.

3. Drink,

3.

Drink, drink my Boys since Plotting is in Season,
 And none Loyal call'd but busie Brats of Faction
 Rome, Rome no more thy Holy Treason, [on
 We have those at home of more divine extract
 We have Peers and Parsons, Smiths and Coopers too,
 Carpenters and Joyners of the Reformation;
 All your Brood of Cloister'd Jesuits out-do,
 To reduce to Duty a divided Nation.

4.

Let Whigs and Zealots dabble deep in Treason,
 And suck from the Spiggot Heavenly Revelation;
 We in the Glass will find more solid Reason,
 And our hearts enflam'd with nobler Inquisition,
 Let them boast of honest Bramighams and true,
 And with those Compose the Kirk of Separation:
 We have honest Tories. Tom. Dick and Hugh,
 We'll Drink on and do more Service for the
 [Nation.

Fanatick Zeal, or a Looking-glass for the Whiggs
 Tune, A Swearing we will go, &c.

Who would not be a Tory,
 When the Loyal are call'd so,
 And a Whig is known,
 To be the Nations mortal Foe;
 So a Tory I will be, will be, will be,
 And a Tory I will be.

2.

With little Band, Precise
 Hair Presbyterian Cut;
 Whigg turns up Hands and Eyes
 Tho' Smoaking hot from Slut,
 So a Tory I will be, &c.

3. B'ack-

34

Black Cap turn'd up with *White*,
 With *Woolfish-Neck* and *Face*;
 And *Mouth* with *None-sense* stoft,
 Speaks *Whigg* a man of *Grace*;
 And a *Tory* I will be, &c.

41

The *Sisters* go to *Meetings*
 To meet their *Gallants* there;
 And oft mistake for my *Lord*,
 And snivle out my *Deary*;
 And a *Tory* I will be, &c.

51

Example we do own,
 Then Precept better is;
 For *Creswel* she was safe,
 When she liv'd a *Private Miss*.
 And a *Tory* I will be, &c.

61

The *Whigs* tho' ne'er so *Proud*,
 Sometimes have been as low;
 For there are some of *Note*,
 Have hung a *Rare-Show*.
 And a *Tory* I will be, &c.

71

These *Mushrooms* to have got for
 Their *Champion* turn coat *Hick*;
 But if the *Naked Truth* were known,
 They'r afflicted by *Old Nick*.
 And a *Tory* I will be, &c.

81

To be, and to be not
 At once, is in their *Power*;
 For when they're in they'r *Guilty*,
 But clear when out o'th' *Tower*; *To*

Jamie
 on R

9.

To carry on their *Designs*,
 Tho' it contradicts their *Sense*;
 They'll clear a *Whiggish* Traitor,
 Against plain *Evidence*,
 And a Tory I will be, &c.

10.

The old Proverb does tell us,
Each Dog will have his day;
 And *Pill* has had his too,
 For which he'll soundly pay;
 So a Tory I will be, &c.

11.

For *Baddins* and for *Thimbles*,
 Now let your *Tubsters* Cant;
 For your confounded tyr'd *Cause*,
 Had never yet more want;
 So a Tory I will be, &c.

12.

For *Ignoramus Toney*,
 Has left you in the *Lurch*;
 And you have spent your *Money*,
 So faite e'en come to *Church*;
 So a Tory I will be, &c.

13.

They are of no *Religion*,
 Be it spoken to their *Glories*,
 For *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*,
 With them both are *Tories*,
 And a Tory I will be, &c.

14.

They're excellent *Contrivers*,
 I wonder what they're not;
 For something they can make
 Of nothing, and a *Plot*; But

But now your *Holy Cheat*
 Is known throughout the *Nation*;
 And a *Whigg* is known to be
 A thing quite out of *Fashion*;
 And a *Tory* I will be, will be, will be,
 And a *Tory* I will be.

A new SONG on the Old Plot,
 Tune, *Tangier arch.*

1.
Let the *Whigs* Repine and all Combine,
 In a damn'd Association;
 Let *Tony Fret*, and *Perkin* Swear,
 That their *Plot's* grown out of *Fashion*,
 Since our Royal *Jemmy's* come again
 To spoil their *Usurpation*;
 Rising like the splendid *Sun*,
 To cheer the drooping *Nation*.

2.
 You dull sham *Prince*, whose *Impudence*
 To a *Throne* would be aspiring,
 See the *Rabble* Crowd that made you *proph*,
 Have cess'd their loud admiring;
 Curse in time those *Rogues of State*,
 That taught you *Rebel Notions*;
 And at the true *Successor's* Feet
 Pay all your just *Devotions*.

3.
 Let Bully *Tom* receive his *Doom*,
 So long since due in *Reason*;
 For *Murders* then, and now again
 For *Matiny* and *Treason*;
 To *Kidnap Cully*, still has been
 His business of *Importance*;

S And

And now poor *Perkin* has drawn in,
And Rook'd out of his Fortunes.

4
In old Laws we find, the *Cockold's* kind
To those that do *Cornute* him;
Or why should *Gray* the *Traitor* play,
And to *Perkin* be supporting?
But the *Coxcomb* fain would be
A *Wittal* to a *King* too;
That his *Bastards* may again,
Rebel for some such thing too.

5
Put of all *Fools*, a *Pox* on *Tools*,
That against all *Law* and *Reason*;
The *Cause* maintain, without the *Gain*
Or the *Profit* of the *Treason*:
What from *Wit*, or *Courage*, *Hopes*,
That *Gaping Cully Brandon*;
That does to *Mungrel Perkin* *roop*,
And the *Royal* side *Abandon*.

6
But *Turnspit Franck* with *Wit* so *ranch*,
Has some excuse for *flarting*;
Whom we despise, in time may rise,
To be *Jester* to *King Perkin*:
But for *Essex*, *S---d*, *Gray* and *R---t*,
Those *Fools* of *Land* and *Money*;
Why what the *Deel* was their intent
To set up *Rebel Tony*.

7
The *Polish Prince* has some pretence,
To be *Whigland* *Rabbles* *Hector*;
And with *Reas'n* too may head the *Crew*,
And in time become *Protector*;

Since

Since *Ambition* and *Revenge*
 Are motives very moving;
 But a Plague on Fools that him do bring,
 To Rogues must Rule above him.

8.

Oh! ye *Tapland* Crew that *Treason* brew,
 And of *Tony* make an *Idol*;
 And *Perkin* sham with *King* in *Name*,
 The King of the *Go'den Medall*;
 Curse and Damn the *Black Cabal*,
 That Inspir'd your Rebel knowledge;
 E're *Billa vera* find you all
 The Fate of *Pious Colledge*.

The Whigs Downfall

Tun^o, Hey Boys up go we

NOW, now the *Antichristian* Crew
 Shall all go down, because
 Our *Magistrates* do well pursue,
 And Execute the *Laws*:
 Those *Rascals* who do always rail
 Against all *Law* with *Spight*;
 Would make a *Law* against the *Law*,
 Great *Tork* should loose his *Right*,
 To perfect which, they made their choice
 Of *Parliaments* of late,
 Of *Members* that had nought but *Voice*,
 And *Megrim* in their *Pate*:
W. Williams he the *Speaker* was,
 And is't not wondrous strange;
 The *Reasons* plain, he told it was,
 Because they would not change.

He told you Truth, nor think it strange ;

He knew well their intent,

They never meant themselves to change,

But change the Government:

For now cry they the King's so poor,

He dares not with us part;

And therefore we most Loyally

Will break his Royal Heart.

The Habeas Corpus Act is pass,

And so far we are safe:

He can't Imprison us so fast,

But first we have Relief:

He can't deny us ought we ask,

In so much need he stands;

And before that we do Money give,

We'll rye up both his Hands.

The Presidents of Forty One,

Which were till Forty Eight;

Now our Presidents are grown,

For why they had their weigh,

So weighry were they, they cut off

Our Royal Monarch's Head;

The self same Reason bids us now,

To act the self same deed.

And when we have a Martyr made

Of another Gracious King,

Then all the Traiterous Plots we've laid

We to perfection bring:

And to protect our Wicked Deeds,

Religion shall go down;

We'll root out all the Royal Seed,

I renders to the crown

Thus having *Monarchy* destroy'd,
 We'll govern by *Free-will*;
 The *Light* of the *Spirit* shall be our guide,
 Then what man can do ill:
Religion is the surest cloak
 To hide our *Treachery*;
 The Rabble we'll confine to th' yolk
 Pretending to set *Free*.

Therefore my Country men, trust not
 Where *Religion's* the pretence;
 For if you do, you'll find a *Plot*
 To destroy your *Innocence*:
 For those who lead you to *Rebel*,
 You'll find i' th' close to be,
 Pure *Instruments* were sent from *Hell*,
 To foment *Treachery*.

The Downfall of the Good Old Cause.
 Tune, *Hey Boys up go We.*

NOW the bad *Old Cause* is *Tape*,
 And the *Vessel* standeth *steep'd*,
 The *Cooper* may starve for want of work,
 For the *Cask* shall never be *heav'd*,
 We will burn the *Association*,
 The *Covenant*, and *Vow*;
 The publick *Cheat* of the *Nation*,
Anthony, now, now, now.

No *Fanatick* shall bear the *sway*,
 In *Court*, *City*, or *Town*;
 Three good *Kingdoms* to *Betray*,
 And cry the *Right Line* down:

Let them cry, *They love the King;*

Yet if they hate his Brother,
Remember Charles they Murdered,
And so they would the other.

Weavers and such like Fellows

In Pulpit daily Pret;

Like the Covenanters,

Against the Church and State;

Yet they cry, *They love the King;*

But their Business will discover,

Charles the first they Murdered,

And so they would the latter.

Where these Fellows go to Drink,

In City or in Town;

They Villify the Bishops,

And they cry the *Stuarts* down

Still they cry, *They love the King;*

But their Business I'll discover;

Charles the first they Murdered,

And so they would the latter.

When the King wanted Money,

Poor *Tangier* to Relieve;

They cryed down his Revenue,

Not a Penny they would give;

Still they cry'd, *They love the King;*

But their Business I'll discover;

Charles the first they Murdered,

And so they would the latter.

The Noble Marquess of *Worcester*,

And many such brave Lord;

By the King-killing Crew,

They daily are Abhor'd:

And

And call'd Evil Counsellors,
 When the Truth they did discover;
 And Charles the first they Murdered,
 And so they would the totter.

The Papists they would kill the King;
 But the Fanaticks did;
 Their Perjuries and Treacheries
 Are not to be parallel'd;
 Let them cry, *They love the King,*
 Their Faults I will discover;
 Charles the first they Murdered,
 And so they would the totter.

Charles the 2d. stands on his Guard,
 Like a good Polirick King;
 The Fanaticks ought to be abhor'd,
 For all their Flattering;
 Let them cry, *They love the King,*
 Their Tricks I will discover;
 Charles the first they Murdered,
 And so they will the totter.

Now let all good Subjects be
 That bear a Loyal heart;
 Stand fast for the King,
 And each man Act his part:
 And to support his Sovereign,
 Religion and the Law,
 That formerly were establish'd,
 And down with the *Curst Cause*.

Jack Keach's new SONG; or, a Warning to Con-
spirators.

Tune,

1.

I Hang, and Behead,
Until you be Dead,
O Dire!

Raw Head, Bloody Bones,
Fling Members and Stones
In the Fire.

2.

Is't not better be merry
With Claret and Sberry;
'Tis Reason,
Then to have your Soul,
Let out at your Poll,
For Treason

3.

Your Brains for to puzzle,
Like Walcot and Russel
Conspiring;
'Tis better be Swilling,
Then Plund'ring, and Killing,
And Firing.

4.

'Tis better to save
One's Neck, and be brave,
Or be Sotting;
Then have a Chop with a Hatchet,
Or a Halter to stretch it
For Plotting.

5.

The Drunk, and the Brave,
Nor Traytor, nor Knave,

Can

Can be ever
Their Deaths he defyes,
But at Tilting, he dies—
Or a Feavor.

6.

To be Traytor proclaim'd,
Describ'd, and be Nam'd,
And Money —

This 'tis, to be Cutties,
To the Vilest of Bullies
Old Tony.

7

To be frighted each Hour,
With Newgate, or Tower,
And Trying.

Conviction, and Sentence,
At Tyburn Repentance
And Dying.

8

Then leave Plott'ing, and Treason,
To the void of all Reason
And Sense;

Your Pardon, Jack cries,
'Tis the Whigs I advise,
No Offence.

A SONG of the Light of the Nation turn'd into Dark-
ness. Tune, called Cavalilly man.

Come all you Caballers and Parliament Votes,
Thar stick'd for hanging & cutting of throats
Lament the misfortune of perjur'd Otes.
Who first must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

W ha

What Devil suspected this, 5 years ago,
When I was in hopes to hang up half the Town,
I Swore against Miter, and Cursed the Crown,
But now must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

I curs'd the Bishops and hang'd up the Priests,
I swore my self Doctor, yet never could Preach,
But a Cant full of Blasphemy's all I could reach,
I first must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

Now Otes is i'th' Cupboard & Manger with Colt,
The Caldron may boyl me for fear I should melt,
Here I've ne'r a Bum for a Wheel-barrow jolt,
Yet now must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

My thousand Commissions and Spanish Black-Bills,
Invisible Armies lodg'd upon Hills,
Such old perjur'd Nonsense my Narrative fills,
That I now must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

My twelve Pounds a Week, I want to support
For stinking i'th' City and fouling the Court,
Like the Devil in Dungeon, I'm now hamper'd fort,
A first must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

They Hang us in order the Devil knows how,
'Zounds all that e're put one paw to the Plow,
I ne'r fear'd the Devil would fail me till now,
That I first must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

For calling the Duke a Papist and Traytor,
I often have call'd the King little better,
I'm fast by the heels like a Beast in a Fetter,
I first must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

I swore that the Queen would Poyson the King,
That Wakeman had Moneys the Poyson to bring,
When I knew in my heart there was no such thing,
I now must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

'I'm Resolv'd to be *Hang'd* dead *drunk* like

[Hugh Peter,

If I can but have my Skin flufft with good Liqueur,
Then I shall limp to old Tapskie much quicker.

But 1 first must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

A new SONG. To the Tune of Young Jemmy.

I.

'T' Was a foolish fancy *Jemmy*,

To put your Trust in Tony:

He dipt ye all in *Treason*,

Then humbly Dy'd in Season;

When his *Spigot* dropt out,

The *Plot* came about :

Far beyond your *Graces* Reason.

2.

Twere fit you'd mind these matters,

- And help your Brother *Traytors*;

You left your Friends together,

To shift for one another ;

Who you well all know,

Were in Portugal-Rew

With a Lady and her Mother.

3.

When you went from *German-Street* Sir,

Your *Friends* you went to meet Sir;

Poor Betty was much griev'd Sir,

You could not be believ'd Sir ;

Had she been in the way.

You had carry'd the day ;

But alas you were deceiv'd Sir.

4

Frank N — it's wondrous hearty.

And Argues for the Party ;

His

His parts are most inviting,
 And lately shin'd in Writing;
 And he hath in his Face,
 As much Wit as you've Grace;
 Which to say the Truth is Bling.

5.
 Thus Sir while you've attended,
 Your troubles will be ended;
 Keep *Frank* still for your Writer,
 And *P---* for your Fighter
 And to add to your Sway,
 Turn *---* away,
 And make poor *Ha---* fright her.

6.
 Let *For---* have a place too,
 About your mighty Grace too;
 For *Ch---ton* hath great reason
 To look out sharp in Season,
 Give *Gibbons* his place
 To a Nobler Race;
 And take Sir *R---d M. n.*

7.
 For he hath more wit than any
 To turn and wind the Penny;
 He'll lye beyond all measure,
 In Pimping is his Pleasure;
 And he's for his part,
 More a Rogue in his Heart,
 Than *Gray* or *Armstrong* either.

8.
 May Friends like these protect ye,
 And only these respect ye;
 May *Halters, Chains and Fetters,*
 Crown all *Rebellious Traytors;*

Then

Then in a short space
 I'll wait on your Grace,
 With a List of all your Creatures.

Oates's Bug--- Bug--- Boarding-School, at Cam-
 berwell. Tune, Lord Ruffel's Farewel.

Rowse, Rowse my lazy Mirmidons,
 And muster up our Tribe;
 See how the Faëlious Fancies stand,
 To trim or cross the Tyde:
 Invite 'em to my Vaulting School,
 The Saints for freedom tell;
 How they may live without Controul,
 With me at Camberwell.

There all Provision shall be made
 To entertain the best,
 Old Mother Creswel of our Trade,
 For to rub down our Guests;
 Three hundred of the briskest Dames,
 In Park or Field e're sell:
 Whose Amorous Eyes shall charm the flames
 O'rh' Saints at Camberwell.

For my own spending I will keep
 Of Boys three hundred more,
 They are to my Appetite, more sweet
 Than *Bawd* or *Bucksom Whore*:
 The *Turks Seraglio* we'll revive,
 He sinks so fast for Hell:
 Our *English Turks* may Plor and thrive,
 With me at Camberwell.

That Sacred place shall tempt his Grace,
 Once more from Friends to fall:

He'll leave these new-fond *Sweets* to trace
 Both *Moor-Park* and *Whitehall* ;
 For *Gray* and *Tom* t shall be their home,
 To Kiss Secure and Dwell ;
 Where e'ry *Lass* shall hug his *Grace*,
 In my sweet *Camberwell*.

Patience shall from the *Cock-loft* creep,
 And here have free-Access :
 To *Swear* and *Drink* to *Whore* and *Sleep*,
 Such *Virtues* we profess ;
Waller his *Pots* of *Venison*,
 He took for *Priests*, may sell :
 His *Amber-Necklaces* make known
 Our *Saints* at *Camberwell*.

Player may meet his *Mistress* here,
 Sometimes *Sir Robert's* Wife ;
 They free from care in joys may share,
 It may prolong ones *Life* :
 That daring *Gibbet* 'fore my Gate,
 I'll rear him down to Rights ;
 Because no *Emblems* of ill Fare,
 Shall fright our *Amorous* Nights.

Argile and *Lob*, and *Ferguson*,
 And all *Abseonding* *Saints* ;
 May safely to their *Saviour* come,
 And taste our sweet *Content* :
 Our largest *Rooms* to frisk and sport,
 Beds round, and *Curtains* drawn ;
 The *Life* and *Scene* of *Venus* Court,
 Excelling *England's* *Throne*.

All naked round the *Room* we'll *Dance*,
 Fine *Limbs* and *Shapes* to show :

In pairs by *Candle-light* advance,
 In dazeling postures go:
 Here every Man obtains his Choice,
Sister, Madam, or Nell;
 We'll have *Papillion* and *Dubois,*
 To my sweet *Camberwell.*

*The Royal Admiral, an excellent new SONG on His
 Illustrious Highness the Duke of York His being
 confirm'd High-Admiral of England.*

1.
Faction and Folly (alas!) will deceive you,
 The Loyal man still the best Subject does prove;
Treason of Reason (poor *Whig*) will bereave you;
 You cannot be bless'd, till this Curse you remove.
Charles our great Monarch, when *Heav'n* did restore
 With His Royal Brother, safe on our Shoar, [Him.
 Ordain'd us, that we next our King should adore
 Then *Johnson* play the *Apostate* no more. [Him,

2.
Clayton may frer, and bring Vows of Obedience
 To *Ferguson, Baxter, to Curtis and Care;*
Patience approach, with pretended Allegiance
 To his Sov'reign Lord, yet oppose the right Heir
 Can he pretend to be *Honest or Loyal,*
 Nay though he late at *Westminster* swore,
 And yet the next day will (like *Perkin*) deny all,
 Where'r he said, or swore to before?

3.
 Let *Trenchard* and *Hambden* stir up a Commotion,
 Their Plotting and Voting will prosper no more;
 Now Gallant *Jemmy* commands on the Ocean,
 And mighty *Charles* keeps them in awe on the
 Let *Lobb* and *Ferguson* preach up Sedition [Shoar.
 At *Coffee-house, Conventicle, Cabal,* T 2 Now

Now Jefferys is Justice, and York in Commission,
 Their Scandal and Plots shall pay for 'em all.

4.

Jemmy the Valliant, the Champion Royal,
 His own and the Monarchs Rivals withstood ;
 The bane and the terrour of all the Disloyal, [Blood
 Who spilt the late Martyr's, and fought for His
 Jemmy who quell'd the proud Foe on the Ocean,
 And reign'd the sole Conqueror over the Main
 To this brave Heroe let's all pay Devotion,
 Since He is Englands Admiral again.

5.

York our great Adm'ral, the Oceans Defender,
 The Joy of his Friends, & the Dread of His Foes,
 The lawful Successor, what Bastard-Pretender
 (Whom Heav'n the true Heir has ordain'd ; dare
 oppose ?

Jemmy, who taught the Scotch Rebels Allegiance,
 And made the High Dutch his Standard to low'r,
 In time will reduce the proud Dit to Obedience,
 And make the false Whig fall down and adore.

6.

Let Bethel and Hambden lie shopt for their Treason,
 And for the new Factions express their old Zeal;
 Let false Sir Samuel rail on without reason,
 And ev'ry Night dream of a new Commonweal ;
 Plotters be brought with their Plots to confusion,
 While Charles sways the Shoar, and York the vast
 Main.

Till all are confounded who sought the Exclusion,
 Then England will be old England again.

7.

Then to our Monarch let's quaff off a Bumper,
 And next to our Sov'reign, the Prince of the
 Flood ;

The

The Ax and the Gibbet crown ev'ry Rumper,
 Who York in the lawful Succession withstood.
 May Rumbold, Gray, Armstrong, with Sidney be Sainted
 And Titus's long Tongue, so often forsworn, [sainted,
 May his short Neck stretch for't when Oats is at
 And wish with the World he had never been born.

Loyalty respected, and Faction confounded.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

1. **L**et Cannons roar from Sea to Shoar,
 And Trumpets sound Triumphantly :
 We'll fair in Wealth while we drink a Health
 To the High Born Prince of Albany.
 Of Albany, of Albany,
 To the High Born Prince of Albany :
 We'll fair in Wealth while we drink a Health
 To the High Born Prince of Albany.

2. He's the Son of Scotland's womb,
 Though his Nativity be *Thames*;
 He's of the Glorious *Marryr* Sprung,
 And bears the Name of good King *James*
 of Albany, &c.

3. Our Princes and our Nobles all
 Do not our Loyalty Disgrace :
 Nor no enormity at all
 Nor Bastardize the Royal Race;
 of Albany, &c.

4. Let Hagar and her Birth be gone,
 Her Bottle on her Shoulder be ;
 For Sarah said unto her Son,
 He shall not be an Heir with thee. T 3. An.

*An Heir with thee, an Heir with thee,
 He shall no be an Heir with thee ;
 For Sarah said unto her Son,
 He shall be an Heir with thee.*

5.

*Put all these Fancies quite away,
 And press down that Egyptian pride ;
 Before he wants a Seigniorie,
 We'll place him King on Yarrow side,
 On Yarrow side, on Yarrow side,
 We'll place him King on Yarrow side;
 Before he wants a Seigniorie,
 We'll place him King on Yarrow side*

6.

*I know not why he should be King,
 Unless for Mustering of the Whiggs :
 No wonder, though they act the thing,
 He spar'd them well at Bothwell-Brigs.
 On Yarrow side, &c.*

6.

*So Nobly he did act his part,
 By sparing these Rebellious Clowns ;
 That he came down and let a Fart,
 And so march'd back with his Dragoons,
 With his Dragoons, with his Dragoons,
 So march'd back with his Dragoons,
 Down and let a Fart,
 And back with his Dragoons.*

*Whiggs Disappointment upon their intended Feast.
 Tune, Cook Laurel.*

1.

HAVE you heard of a Festival Convent of late,
 Compos'd of a pack of Notorious Dissenters,
 Ap-

Appointed by Tickers in *Whigland* to meet;
To Sign and to Seal *Covenanted Indentures*.

2.

The day was appoited, and all things prepar'd
In order thereto, by the *Sages o'th' Nation*,
And a Reverend *Sermon* was there to be heard;
T'exhort 'em to th' Oath of *Association*.

3.

All Sorts of *Trades-men* were bid to be there,
The *Lords*, *Abhorrrers*, and *Commoners* too,
But the *Cooper* 'fore all was to take the *Chair*,
To set forth the matter as well he knew how.

4.

The Godly *Gown-man* all *Chain'd* and *Fur'd*,
Two *Shrieves*, & the *Deel* knows what of the *Rable*;
Invited on purpose, and set on, and *Spurr'd*,
To make a Confusion worse than old *Babel*.

5.

The chief of the *Feast* was a *Fop* and a *Mouth*,
Buy'd up by the *City Cooper* and *Player*;
Whose *Name* they'd extended from *North* to *South*
By th' trick of a *Black-Box* to make him an *Heir*.

6.

For down into *Durham* an *Envoy* was sent,
Amongst the Chief, the *Northern Clergies*,
To find out a *Wiring* to that very intent:
Who had thirty good *Guineys* to bear his *Charges*.

7.

The Reverend *Titus* was Chaplain to th' *Feast*,
Brim-full of *Plots* with *Oaths* to maintain them;
The *Deel* could afford them no such *Guest*,
'Mongst all his damn'd *Crew* to entertain them.

8.

Next in came *Janway*, *Curtis*, *Vile* and *Care*,
With

With his *Packets* of *Lies* thrust under his *Arm*,
Then *Don Dangerfield* more subtil by far,
Then poor Mother *Cellier*, that acted no harm,

9.

All sorts of *Informers* were bid to be there,
And the damn'd *Ignoramus* Jurors too,
To participate of this *Festival Cheer*,
By way of *Thanksgiving* for what they did do.

10.

Some hundreds more were to be at the *Feast*;
And all things thereunto were fitted,
But in steps an *Order* which forestall'd the *Guests*,
Disbanding the *Cooks* e're the meat was half spitted

11.

Tag, Rag, and Long-tail were all to come in,
To sit at this King of *Polands* Table,
The *Feast* I conceive else was not worth a *Pie*,
Without the consent of an *Insolent Rable*.

12.

What *Pining* and *Fretting*, and *Fuming* was there,
When all the good *Creatures* were laid aside,
'Twould make a *Saint* both to stamp and stare,
To see such a *Zealous Assembly* decry'd.

13.

Here now the *Nation* was thus settled,
And all things be brought to a better Cue,
Here a new *Government* was to be settled,
And the *Deel* knows what besides they would do

14.

Some think it was like to the *Oxford* stroke,
Which was well, being given in Season,
And some think they're under a burthensom yoke,
'Cause they may not *Assemble* for *sedition & treason*

15.

Some hold it not prudently Acted at all,
To check an Assembly of so great an *Intention*,
Who study'd and aim'd at the *Tory's* down-fall,
In raising the *Whigs* by a new *Invention*.

16.

Some say they were nettled, and galled within,
To see our great *York* embrac'd by the *City*,
If that be the Cause on't we care not a Pin,
Let them hang-up each other, and so ends my
Diry.

The West-Country-man's SONG at a Wedding

1

[Sir,

Uds hearty Wounds, Pse not to *Plowing*, not I
Because I hear there's such brave doings
hard by Sir,

Thomas the *Minstrel*, he's gone twinkling before Sir
And they talk there will be *two* or *three* more Sir
Who the *Rat* can mind either *Byard* or *Ball* Sir,
Or any thing at all Sir,

For thinking of *Drinking* i' rh' *Hall* Sir,
E'gad not I, let *Master* fret it and storm it,
I am resolv'd, I'm sure there can be no harm in't
Who would lose the right of the *Lasses* & *Pages*,
And pretty little *Sue*, so true when she ever engages
E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my *Wages*.

2.

There's my *Lord* has got the curiousest *Daughter*,
Look but on her, and she'll make the *Chops* on the
water,

This is the day the *Ladies* are all about her,
Come to *Veed* her, come to *Dress* her & clout her,
Uds bud, she's grown the *weatest*, the *neatest*, the
sweetest, The

The pretty'st little *Rogue*, and all men do say the
discreetest,

There's ne'r a *Girl* that wears a *Head* in the *Nation*
But must give place, since *Mrs. Betty's Creation*,
She's so good, so witty, so pretty to please ye;
So charitably kind; so *courteous & loving & easie*,
That I'll be bound to make a *Maid* of my *Mother*,
If *London Town* can e'r send down such another

3.

Next my *Lady* in all her *Gallant Apparel*,
I'll not forget the thundring thumping *Barrel*,
There's such *drink*, the *strongest head* can't bear it
'Twill make a *Vool* of *Zack* or *Whit-wine* or *Claret*
And such plenty that 20 or 30 good *Vellows*,
May tiddle off their *Cups* until they lie down
on their *Pillows*;

Then hit off thy *Vrock*, and don't stand *scratching*
thy *Head* so,
For thither I'll go, *Ods Wunds* because I've red so

The Dyet of Cowley.

NOW by my Love; the greatest *Oath* that is;
None loves you half so well as I,
I do not ask your Love for this,
But for *Heaven's* believe me, or I die;
No servant e'r but did deserve,
His Master should believe that he does serve;
And I'll ask no more *Wages* though I starve.

2.

'Tis no *Luxurien* Diet this, and sure,
I can't by't too lusty prove.
Yet shall it willingly endure;
It can but keep together Life and Love,
Being your Prisoner and your Slave;

I do not Feasts or Banquets love to have,
A little Bread and Water's all I crave.

3.

On a sigh of pity, I a year can live,
One Tear will keep me 20 at least,
Fifty, a gentle look will give ;
An 100 one, one kind word I'll Feast :
A 1000. more added be
If you an Inclination have for me,
And all beyond is vast Eternity.

A Propbetical Catch.

To the Tune, *Of the merry Christ-Church-Bells.*

1.

OH ! the Plot Discoverers,
Oates, Bedloe, Dugdale, Prance,
They are such Crafty Dogs,
That none but Scroggs
Can feage them Cuningly, cunningly.

2.

Oh ! the cursed damn'd sham Plot,
Which some believe, but more do not,
Because the Laws
Have found such Flaws,
In them of all our Ills, the Cause.

3.

Bedlow, they say, tother day at a Play,
For his Impudence was bang'd ;
But the Plot will not
Ere be forgot,
Till Oates and all are hang'd.

*The Courageous Loyallists ; Or, A Health to the
Royal Family Tune, Burton-hall.*

1.

Drown Melanchally
in a Glass of Wine;
We will be jolly,
let the Mis'r pine :
Boys drink about,
we'll make the Tavern roar,
When the Bumper's out,
we'll call again for more :
It makes good Blood
to run within our Veins,
It puts good reason also
in our Brains :
He that will deny it,
hanged let him be,
Here's to all
the Royal Progeny.

2.

Boys we'll be merry,
whatsoe'r ensue,
Drink Sack and Sherry
till the Skie looks blew ;
Let the Whiggs lament,
and whiningly complain,
We with one consent,
drink to the Royal Train ;
Heavens blest Great Charles,
and the Duke of York,
All the Lords and Earls,
and every Royal Spark ;
Down with every Faction,
shamming, whining Crew,

Give

(29)

Give them Rope and Hanging,
since it is their due.

3.

Drawer bring us Wine,
fill the other Bowl,
Let us lose no time,
for he's an honest Soul
That doth love his Prince,
and the ancient Laws,
He is a man of Sense,
he shall have our Applause;
As for mighty *Charles*,
his Renowned Name,
Let it be Recorded
in the Books of Fame:
ut he that will deny
Allegiance to the King,
Hang him, let him die,
and in a Halter swing:

4.

Brave Noble *Sions*,
be you stout and true,
Stand in Defiance
of the Rabble Crew;
They that design'd
our Laws to undermine,
We will make them fly,
like Chaff before the Wind:
Those that did consent,
yielding to allow,
Those that did invent
the *Association* Vow,
To conceal their Treason,
hang 'um let them swing,

V

Here's

Here's a Health to *Charles*,
the most Renowned King.

5

Now sure the *Whigs*,
they will no more Rebel,
Old *Cromwel's* Piggs
that suck'd up the swill ;
Their hopes are drown'd,
as we plainly see,
Some were counfounded
in their Villainy ;
Tommy he is fled,
Tony he is Dead.
Some of them were Hang'd,
others lost their Had :
Ketch in conclusion
pay'd them their Arrears,
Since this Confusion
how they hang their Ears !

6.

Then learn to bow,
and in Obedience stand,
To *Cesar* now
the Glory of the Land,
None can convince,
for what I speak is true,
He is a Prince
of love and pity too :
Those that are Loyal,
they are perfect free,
There's no denial
of their Liberty ;
Then true hearts be merry,
make the Tavern ring,

Fling

Fling up your Caps,
and cry, God Save the KING.

A new SONG, to an Old Tune, Tom of Bedlam.

Make room for an *Honest Red-Coat,*
(And that you'll say's a wonder:)

The *Gun*, and the *Blade*,
Are his *Tools*, — and his *Trade*,

Is for *Pay*, to *Kill*, and *Plunder*.

Then away with the Laws,
And the Good old Cause,

Ne'r talk o' th' Rump, or the Charter,
'Tis the Cash does the Feat,

All the rest's but a Cheat,
Without that there's no Faith, nor Quarter.

'Tis the mark of our Coin, *GOD WITH US,*

And the Grace of our Lord goes along with't,

When the Georges are flown,

Then the Cause goes down,

For the Lord is departed from it.

Then away, &c.

For *Rome*, or for *Geneva*,

For the *Table*, or the *Altar*,

This spawn of a *Vote*,

He cares not a *Groat* —

For the *Pence*, he's your *Dog* in a *Halter*.

Then away, &c.

Tho' the Name of *King*, or *Bishop*,

To *Nostrils* pure may be *Loathsom*,

Yet many there are,

That agree with the *Mayor*,

That their *Lands* are wondrous *toothsom*.

Then away, &c.

V. 2

When.

When our Masters are Poor, we leave 'em,
 'Tis the *Golden Calf* we bow to;
We Kill, and we slay,
 Not for *Conscience*, but *Pay*;
 Give us That, we'll fight for you too.
Then away, &c.

'Twas that first turn'd the *King* out;
 The *Lords* next; then the *Commons*:
 'Twas that kept up *Noll*,
 Till the *Devil* fetch'd his *Soul*;
 And then it set the *Bum* on's.
Then away, &c.

Drunken *Dick* was a *Lame Protector*,
 And *Fleetwood* a *Backslider*:
 These we serv'd as the rest,
 But the *City's* the *Beast*
 That will never cast her *Rider*.
Then away, &c.

When the *Mayor* holds the *Stirrop*,
 And the *Sbrievs* cry, *God save your Honours*:
 Then 'tis but a *Jump*,
 And up goes the *Rump*,
 That will spur to the *Devil* upon us.
Then away, &c.

And now for a *fling* at your *Thin blis*,
 Your *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Whistles*,
 In truck for your *Toyes*
 We'll fit you with *Boys*:
 ('Tis the *Doctrine* of *Hugh Peters*,
Then away, &c.

* To the But-
 chers Wife

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jewels*,
 You must be next increased,

To part with your *Bags*,
 And strip you to *Rags*,
 And yet not think y'are cheated:
Then away &c.

The truth is, the *Town* deserves it;
 'Tis a *Brainless*, *Heartless* Monster:
 As a *Club* they may *Bawl*,
 Or *Declare* at their *Hall*,
 And yet at push not one stir.
Then away, &c.

Sir *Arthur* vow'd he 'll treat 'em,
 Far worse than the men of *Chester*:
 He's *Bold*, now they're *Con'd*,
 But he was nothing so *Lowd*
 When he lay in the ditch at *Leister*.
Then away, &c.

The *Lord* hath left *John Lambert*,
 And the *Spirit*. *Feak's Anointed*,
 But why oh *Lord*,
 Hast thou sheath'd thy *Sword*?
 Lo, thy *Saints* are disappointed:
Then away, &c.

Tho' *Sir Henry* be departed:
Sir John makes good the place now,
 And to help out the work
 Of the *Glorious Kirk*,
 Our *Brethren* march apace too,
Then away, &c.

While *Divines*, and *States-men* wrangle,
 Let the *Rump-ridden Nation* bite on't,
 There are none but we
 That are sure to go free,

For the Souldies's still in the right on't.
Then away, &c.

If our *Masters* w'ont supply us
 With Money, Food and Clothing :
 Let the State look to'r,
 We'll find one that will do't,
 Let him Live, --- we'll not damn for nothing,
Then away with the Laws,
And the Good old Cause,
N'er talk o' the Rump, or the Charter,
'Tis the Cash does the feat,
All the rest's but a Chear,
Without That there's no Faith nor Quarter.

Oates well Thrash'd, being a Dialogue between a Country Farmer, and his man Jack.

Tune, Which no body can deny. Repeat the burden twice.
Jack.

Our *Oates*, last week not worth a Groar,
 Have, Sir, (which all do wonder at)
 Abomination thriv'd of late ;

Which no Body can deny, Sir,

Master.

Be all the Tribe of *Oates* Accurs'd,
 And the Old Dotard too, that first
 The Brat within his Hedges nurs't,

And sow'd such Wicked seed, Bay.

Jack.

Good *Master*, pray your Fury stop ;
 For, as the Saying is, I hope,
 You'll shortly shortly see a *Doctor-Crop*,

And many more besides, Sir.

Master.

Master.

A Curse on every thing, that's call'd Oates;
Both Old and Young, both Black and White Oates,
Both Long and Short, both Light and Tite Oates :
I hate the Vip'rous Seed, Boy.

Jack.

Your Oates, now Ripe, Sir, do appear ;
For they begin to hang the Ear ;
The Time of Cutting them draws near,
If my Skill fails me not, Sir.

Master.

Then down with 'em, and all their Train ;
Let not a Blade of them remain,
Our poor Land to infect again ;
'Tis pitty one sho'ld scape, Boy.

Jack.

Where shall I reek them, (the Sithe's Edge
They've felt) in Barn, or under Hedge ?
For they are fit for Cart, or Sledge,
And a Roping only want, Sir.

Master.

E'en if thou wilt, lodge them in thy Barn ;
For they shall ne'r come amongst my Corn ;
Or Cart them, if thou wilt, to Tyburn ;
And there too Truss them up, Boy.

Jack.

Th' are hous'd, Sir ; But the Trash all Sense
Exceeds, that's in 'em : By what Means,
This Filthy Oates shall we e're cleanse ?
From all that Roguish Stuff, Sir ?

Master.

Jack.

Go, get a pack of Sturdy Louts,

And:

And let them lustily Thresh their Coats;
 Too well you cannot Thresh Damn'd Oates;
Which no body can deny, Boy.

Jack

Th'are thresh'd, and winn'd and made as clean,
 As hands can do't; but all in vain:
 For still Base Oates behind remain:

What shall we do with 'em, Sir?

Master.

Let 'em divided be like Martyrs
 Of Royal Justice) into Quarters;
 Then ground in Mill, or bray'd in Mortars:
So Oates ought to be serv'd, Boy.

Jack.

How shall I use the Straw? 'Tis good
 Only to cast out into the Road,
 And under Foot to Dung be trod;

And there to lye and rot, Sir,

Master.

Burn't, like an Heretic, in Flame;
 And Expiate so our Guilt and Shame,
 For giving Long-Tail'd Oates such Fame,
Abherr'd by all but Us, Boy.

Beyond Sea th'are kick't out of Door;
 But held with us Here in such Store,
 That Oates we even do Adore:

But Curst be Oates, say I, Boy

Jack.

What shall we now at last, Sir, do
 With this Same Paultry Oates, by You-
 So hated, and admired by few;

And those both Knaves and Fools, Sir.

Master.

Master.

Let Oates be cast to Ravenous Hogs,
 Or ground for Meat for Hungry Dogs ;
 And no where Sown, but in deep Bogs,

Or Bottom of a Lake, Boy.

Or to the *Fowls* o'th' Air be thrown,
 By *Vermine* to be prey'd upon ;
 Or out o'th' World by Whirlwinds blown,

To th' Devil's Arse of Peak, Boy.

Let ev'ry Tongue, and Tail i'th' Isle
 Of Man, of Bird, of Beast, defile
 Oates so Detestable, Oates so Vile ;

And 'twill be so, thou'lt see, Boy.

Or if to Popery thou incline,
 Thou shalt have Oates incag'd in Shrine,
 And shew about that *Trash Divine* ;

*And this will get thee Pence, Boy.**Jack*

Let it, good Master, pray be so,
 And I'll amongst the *Papists* go,
 with my O rrice Shite, and my O brave Show,

Till I a Pension get, Sir.

And then I'll Coach it up and down,
 From Country, and from Town to Town,
 Till o're the World I've made Oates known,

*For a very Rogue in Grain, Sir.**The Tories Tryumph ; or, the Point well weather'd.**To a New Theatre iune,*

SOME say, the *Papists* had a Plot,
 Against the Church and Crown ;
 But be it so, or be it not,

*The King must please the Town.**The Papists take Tyburn by turns,**To please the City-Gulls ;**Isis*

It's strange, that they who all wear Horns,
Should fear the *Popish Bulls*

2.

The *House of Commons* blow the Coals,
The Nation to disettle :
And like two Tinkers, make two Holes
To mend one in a Kettle:
Or else, What needs that precious *Vote*,
That if the *King* should Fall
By *Pagan*, or *Phanatick Plot*,
The *Pope* must pay for all ?

3.

Our Royal *James* of Princely Race,
And High Illustrious Fame,
Was not thought fit by *Commons* base,
To follow *Charles's Waine* :
But let that *House of Office* know,
When they have Sow'd their Leaven,
He shall Succeed though they say no,
By all the Laws of Heaven.

4.

Old *Cavaliers* for Loyalty
They streight Clapt up for Treason,
In hopes to bring in *Anarchy*,
'Gainst Justice, Sense and Reason.
Brave *Hallifax* and *Feverham*,
Brave *Worster*, Just and Wise,
They did Vote down, as dangerous Men,
That they themselves might Rise.

5.

But Oh ! That Lord in *Leisterhire*,
Turn'd Catchpole, though too late :
'Tis better Priests in Prison were,
Then Bums should lose their Trade.

For Priest poor *Waller* never fought,
 But where Was Golden Crosses;
 His *Mirmidons* went Snacks, 'tis That
 In all the Owners Losses.

6.

The *Doffor* he has bid Farewell
 To *Jesus*, and the *Court*;
 And *Tony's Tap* runs flat and dull,
 Makes *Catch* in hopes of Sport
 Blew *Protestants* can make no work,
 Unless like *Hungary*,
 They for Religion Joyn the *Turk*,
 For *Christian Liberty*

Five Years Sham-Plots Discovered in one True one.
 To the Tune of,----- I told young *Jenny*, &c.

NOW Innocent Blood's almost forgot,
 We have found the Original Ground of the
 NOW every Moon-blind Rebel may know, Plot
 That Providence sees our Actions below.
 NOW *Oates* for Pegs, may pack up his Awls,
 And there inform his Master;
 To furnish Rooms, make fire in the Halls
 For Company that comes after.

These are not like our Plots of Old,
 When Evidence swore for Silver and Gold.
 There are no Armies under Ground,
 No Sham Magazines that ne'r were found,
 No Spanish Pilgrims, and Black-Bills,
 But open profess'd Traytors;
 Where Perjury spares, the Sword it kills,
 These are our Saint-like Satyrs.

These

These are the Blades, deserted by Laws,
 In Contempt of Justice decide it with blows
 These are the Blood-Hounds of our Age,
 That brought our late Monarch upon the Stage,
 Yet these more Barbarous Bruits of ours,
 Would murder both King and his Brother,
 And lay the Guilt at innocent doors,
 And still continue the Murther.

From thence the Sacrifice begins,
 To Maffacre others for their own sins :
 And this has been the Plots support,
 First made in the City, then forc'd on the Court.
 But now the Myfteries brought to light,
 True Innocency is Protection,
 Surprising Rebels dare not fight,
 Their souls are Imperfections.

If they had Burcher'd the Royal Line,
 To Murther its friends they were to Jo, n,
 The like was never on Record
 In the wide Wildernels of the World ;
 To Rob the Kingdom of all that's Good,
 And none but Rebels Surviving,
 To Lord it o're three Nations in Blood ;
 Each to be an *Oliver* striving.

The Saddle is now on the Right Horse,
 The *Whiggs*, must mount for *Tyburn* in Course.
 For these can be no false Alarms, Arms,
 We have their Confession the Men and their
 Makes *Catch* perceive his Harvest is near
 He swears if his Horse do not fail him,
 He'll not take a thousand Pound this year,
 For what his Trade may avail him.

breat-cutter of Jack-a-napes-lant.

ae, Hang sorrow, cast away care.

I Here is an old story
That's much to the glory
Of one who was call'd *Sophyrus*,
Whose Feats may be read,
Though the man be dead,
By any that are desirous.

This man had a Nose
(as you may suppose)
In the middle of his face;
But he cut it off clear,
Like a brave Cavalier,
To get the King's good grace.

The manner is known,
So we'll let that alone :
Yet by the way you must note,
Though he slashed his face
In every place,
He had a great care of his *Throat*.

Nor will any man dare
This *Wight* to compare
With an *Heroe* that I can name;
Who, by cutting his *Throat*,
Grew a man of great note,
And purchas'd eternal *Fame*.

Sophyrus did well;
But *He* doth excel,
If he be but right understood :

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*The Plotting-Cards reviv'd; or, The new Game
as Forty-One. Tune, I'll tell thee, Dick, &c.*

1.

Come, cut again; the *Game's* not done,
Though strangely yet the *Cards* have run,
As if they pack'd had been:
Most likely are to lose, and say
They know not what's *next best* to play,
Such *shuffling* ne'r was seen.

2.

Look well (my *Masters*) to your hits,
And have about you all your wits,
For high the *Play* does run;
Three Kingdoms now at stake do lie,
And *Rooks* all *hocus-tricks* do try,
That ye may be undone.

3.

On *Clubs* and *Spades* some wholly bett,
For they the most are like to get,
Whilst *Hearts* in vain contest;
And *Diamonds* too, (unto the ir cost
That have them) sure are to be lost,
The blackest *Cards* are best.

4.

God blefs all *Kings* and *Queens*, though now
The *best Coat-Cards*, (the Lord knows how)
At this prepostrous *Game*,
Are like all to commanded be,
...and *trump* with all their *Royalty*,
By every *Knavish Pam--*

5.

So *Hewson blind* (though he be dead)
Alive was by *blind Fortune* led,
And still did *winning* go;

X 2

And

And ever since we find, that He
Sweeps all with his *Effigie*,
The great *Pamphilio*.

6.

Nay, *Trays* and *Duces*, which were deem'd
The *basest Cards*, are now esteem'd
Prime ones, to win the day:
So that, (you see) to gain the *Prize*,
Poor *Kings* and *Queens* you must despise,
And *Honours* throw away.

7.

Thus the *best Cards* are now the *worst*,
And what was *last* is become *first*,
No wonder now-a-days:
The Nation *topsy-turvy* lies,
And (as 'twere pleas'd with *Contraries*)
At losing *Lead'em* plays.

The Second Part.

1.

THIS is like some *Utopian Game*,
Where *Servant-Maids* controll their *Dame*,
And *Kings* are *Subjects* made;
Felons their *Judges* do indict,
And He a *Traitor* is down-right
Who *falsly* is betray'd.

2.

A *Dunce* who never took *Degrees*,
But such as lead to *Villainies*,
A *DOCTOR* is most sound,
He who, to furnish his own wants,
Can seize *Gold-Cross*, or *Silver-Saints*,
A *JUSTICE* is renown'd.

Who

3.

Who Horse to *Battle* never led,
But has with many Horses *fled*
Out of his Neighbours Field,
A CAPTAIN is ; and with his *Word*
Kills more than with his duller *Sword*
He ever made to *yield*.

4.

A Villain who can cheat his Lord,
Gets *Chains* of Gold instead of *Cord*,
And is from Prison freed :
For Him who says he Murder'd has,
A Pardon both for *That* does pass,
And *all* that e'r he did.

5.

Who for foul Crimes and Forgeries
Has worn the *Yoke* of *Pillories*,
And has been *whipt* about,
If he but add new *Perjury*,
He wipes off past *Iniquity*,
And *speaks Truth* without doubt.

6.

He that had rather choose to *die*,
Than to redeem his *Life* with *Lie*,
Is th'only *perjur'd* *Regue* :
And *They* who damn themselves to *live*,
Sure signs of their *Probation* give,
For they're the *Saints* in *vogue*.

7.

Then *play away*, (good *Country-man*)
What *band's* the *best* is now most plain,
And boldly thou may'st *stake* :
A Pack of *KNAVES* together get,
And never doubt to win the *Sett*,
For *They* the *Voll* will make.

*A Song upon Information:
Tune, Conventicles are grown sorief.*

1.

Informing of late's a notable Trade;
For he that his Neighbour intends to invade,
May pack him to Tyburn, (no more's to be said)
Such Power hath *Information*.
Be Good, and be Just, and fight for your King,
Or stand for your Countreys Honour,
You're sure by precise *Information* to swing,
Such Spells she hath got upon her.

2.

To Six hundred and sixty, from Forty-one,
She left not a Bishop or Clergy-man,
But compell'd both Church and State to run,
By the strength of the Non-Conformist:
The Dean and Chapter, Scepter and Crown,
(The Lords and Commons snarling)
By blest *Information* came tumbling down,
Fair Fruits of an over-long parling.

3.

'Twas *This* that summon'd the Boakins all,
The Thimbles and Spoons to the City-hall,
When Saint Hugh to the Baber of Grace did call,
To prop up the Cause that was sinking:
This made the Cobler take the Sword,
The Pedlar and the Weaver;
By the pow'r of the Spirit, and not by the Word,
Made the Tinker wear Cloak and Beaver.

4.

'Tis *Information* from Valadolia
Makes Jesuits, Fryars and Monks to bleed,
Decapitates Lords; and what not (indeed)
Doth such damnable *Information*?

It

Cities burns, and sticks not to boast,
 Without any mincing or scruple,
 Of Forty Thousand Black-Bills by the Post,
 Brought in with the Devils' pupils.

5.

This Imp with her Jealousies and Fears
 Turns all men together by the ears,
 Strikes at Religion, and Kingdoms tears,

By Voting against the BROTHER;
 This makes Abhorrrers, makes Lords Protest,
 They know not why, nor wherefore:
 This strikes at Succession, but aims at the rest;
 Pray look about you therefore

6.

This raiseth Armies in the Air,
 Imagining more than you need have to fear;
 Keeps Horse under-ground, and Arms to rear
 The Cities and Towns in sunder.

'Tis this made the Knight to Newark run,
 With his Fidus Acates behind him;
 Who brought for the Father one more like the Son,
 The Devil and Zeal did so blind him.

7.

Whips, it strips, it hangs, and draws,
 Pillories also without any cause,
 By falsely Informing the Judges and Laws,

With a trick from Salamanca:
 This hurly-burles all the Town,
 Makes Smith and Harris prattle;
 Who spare neither Cassock, Cloak, nor Gown,
 In their paltry Tittle-ratle.

This Information affrights us all;
 Information we rise and fall:

Without

Without *Information* there's no PLOT at all ;
And all is but *Information*.

That *Pickering* stood in the *Park* with a Gun,
And *Godfrey* by *Berry* was strangl'd ;
'Twas by *Information* such stories begun,
Which the Nation so much have entangl'd.

A Song on the Popish Plot, by a Lady of Quality.
Tune, Packington's Pound

I.

SInce counterfeit *Plots* have affected this Age,
Being *asked* by *Fools*, and contriv'd by the *Sage*
In City, nor Suburbs, no man can be found,
But frighted with *Fire-balls*, their heads turn'd round
From Pulpit to Pot

They talk'd of a Plot,

[*Sot*

Till their *Brains* were inflam'd, & each man turn'd
But let us to Reason and Justice repair,
And this *Popish Bugbear* will fly into Air.

2.

A Politick States-man, of Body unsound,
Who once in a Tree, with the *Rabble* set round,
Run *Monarchy* down with *Fanatick Rage*,
And preach'd up *Rebellion* iⁿ that credulous Age ;
He now is at work

With the Devil and Turk,

Pretending a *Plot*, under which he doth lurk,
To humble the *Mitre*, while he squints at the *Crown*
Till fairly and squarely he pulls them down.

3.

He had found out an Instrument fit for the Devil
Whose mind had been train'd up to all that was evil
His Fortune sunk low, and detested by many,
Kick'd out at *St. Omers*, not pity'd by any :

sa

*secretly fix'd him
on this Design,*

And his promis'd Reward did him countermine :
Though his Tale was ill told, it serv'd to give fire ;
Despis'd by the Wise, whilst Fools did admire.

4.

The next that appear'd, was a fool-hardy Knave,
Who'd ply'd the High-ways, and to Vice was a Slave;
Being fed out of Basket, in Prison forlorn,
No wonder that Money should make him forsworn :

He boldly dares swear

What men tremble to hear,

And learns a false Lesson without any Fear ;
For when he is out, there's one that's in's place
Relieves his invention, and quickens his pace.

5.

In a Countrey Prison another was found,
Who had cheated his Lord of One thousand Pound ;
He was freed from his Fetters, to swear and inform,
Which very courageously he did perform :

To avoid future strife,

He takes away Life,

To save poor Protestants from Popish Knife :
Which only has edge to cut a Rogue's ears,
For abusing the People with needless Fears.

6.

Another starts up, and tells a false Tale,
Which strait he revok'd, his courage frail :
But, to fortifie one that needeth his Aid,
(Being tempted by Money, which much doth persuade)

He swears he knew all

That contrived the fall

Of one, who that day was seen near to White-hall ;
Where he by an Officer's powerful breath
More likely by far received his death.

7. A

A *Gown-man* most grave, with *Fanatic*
 With his scribbling wit doth blow in the Candle;
 For moth-eaten Records he worships the *Devil*,
 Being now lodg'd at Court, he must become civil.

He hunts all about,

And makes a great Rout,

To find some old Prophecy to help him out;
 But his Friend that was hous'd with him at *Foxhall*,
 Being joyn'd with his *Master*, still strengthens 'em all.

1. [Brain,

Then comes a crack'd *Merchant*, with his shallow
 Who first did lead up this *stigmatiz'd Train*:
 He since is grown useles, his Skill being small;
 Yet at a dead life he's still at their call:

He has peester'd the Press,

In ridiculous dress,

In this scribbling Age he could do no less:
 But to so little purpose as plainly appears,
 With Pen he had as good sate picking his ears.

9.

To end with a Prayer, as now 'tis my lot,
 Confounded be *Plotters*, with their *Papish Plot*:
 God bless and preserve our Gracious Good *KING*,
 That he may ne'r feel the *Presbyters* sting,

As they brought his Father

With rage to the Block,

So would they extirpate all the whole Stock:
 But with their *false Plots* I hope they will end
 At *Tyburn*, where the *Rabble* will surely attend.

*The Whigs lamentable Condition ; Or, the Loyallists
Resolution. To a pleasant new Tune.*

1.

THe Deel assists the *Plotting Whigs*
To carry on their *damn'd Intrigues*,
And does provide them new supplies,
Gin any *faus* and *Raskal* dies ;
Up starts some *Bankrupt perjur'd Loon*,
Instructed by the *Polish Prince*,
How to amuse th' *unthinking Toon*,
And make the *Bigots* leese their sense.

2.

This squinting and *Curmudgeon* sits
Consulting with his *Whiggish Chits*,
Who treacherously with him combine
To root out all the *Royal Line* :
But Heaven, which has disclos'd their *Plots*,
Confound their vain *Inventions*,
Disperse the wretched *hair-brain'd Sots*,
And cross their curs'd *Intentions*.

3.

Whither d'ye hurry *Phaeton* ?
Is't not enough that he's undone
By your perfidious *Treachery*,
The source of all his *Infamy* ?

But, to promote your wretched ends,
Ye make the *Lorden* a *stop-gap* ;
Like *Crocodiles*, ye *fawning Friends*
Pretendedly mourn his *mis-hap*.

4.

The *Bearn* may see how he is *feul'd*,
Tea late may find that he is *gull'd* :
Wha then shall pity his *Estate*,
That toil'd to be *unfortunate* ?

He's

He's now a hardy *Rebel* grown,
 And glories in base actions;
 The silly Lad gangs up and down,
 To make Feuds and Distractions.

5.

Wau to'l the Nations Scabs and Boils,
 Ye that delight in *Civil Broils*,
 Wha'd set us by the ears again,
 Ye Worriers of Loyal men :

I'll mean the pert blew-apron *Fops*,
 " " a meddle with the *State-affair*,
 " " to'l your *Wives*, and mind your *Shops*,
 " " sold nor *Cornish* shan't be *May'r*.

6.

All *Egypt's* Plagues seize Doctor T. O.
 Who did design the overthrow
 Of Church and State : Have we forgot
 'Twas He contriv'd the *Papish Plot* ?

Can we forget our *Martyr'd Prince*,
 Whose Blood does loud for veng'ance call ?

Shall we not stand in's Son's defence,
 'Gainst *Whigs*, wha wish for his doonfal ?

7.

Take courage, pull an Rebels down,
 Obey the KING, and guard His Throne ;
 Commit the rest to th' prudent care
 Of our *Tribunes* and geud *Laird May'r* :

As for our Foes the Rebel-Rout,
 We timely curb'd the stubborn *Elves* ;
 Their *Villainy* he has found out,
 And now they're fit to hang themselves.

The Present State of ENGLAND.

Tune, It was in the prime of Cucumber time.

Ack Presbyter's up, and hopes at one swoop
To swallow King, Bishops, and all-a :
The Mitre and Crown must both tumble down,
Or the Kingdom, he tells you, will fall.a.

Sure 'tis a hard Fate, that to prop up the State,
We must pull down the State-Religion :
But the Saints have a new one, more holy & true
Composed of Fox and Wigeen.

An Engine they've got, call'd a damn'd Popish Plot
Which will bring in a Through-Reformation ;
Which, tho't be half Fable, it mads the poor Rable
And puts out of wits half the Nation.

Thus their work's quickly done for each Mother's
That to Church or to King is Loyal, [Son
Shall strait be indicted, or else be sore frighted
To be brought to their fry Tryal.

Tis no more but pretend he's to Pop'ry a Friend
The Brethren cry loud, he's a Traitor ;
And their Evidences bring against him pretences,
And all of a Treasonable nature.

Th'Impeachers are such, so Hon'able and Rich,
That no Bribe can to Falshood invite 'em :
Tho'they contradict themselves and ev'ry body else,
A good lusty Vote can right 'em.

No matter for blood, their Oaths shall stand good,
In despite of all circumstances :
The City-Cabals say they cannot swear false,
And each Pamphlet their Honour enhances.

Who dares to deny but *One* single Lie
 Of the *Many* they swear on their credit,
 Must down on his knees, is rebuk'd, and *pays Fees*,
 And must cry *Peccavi* he did it.

If any's so bold their tricks to unfold,
 or offers to prove them *Lyars*,
 Strait up steps *another*, and swears for *Rogue-brother*,
 And flings the poor Wretch in the *Wryars*.

Thus Villains 'bout *Ten*, the worst scum of men
 While the *Godly Party* maintain 'em
England do govern, and each such a *Sou'reign*,
 The *King* must not speak again 'em.

Old *Noll* and *Dad Nick* have taught 'em the *trick*
 To *Make Plots*, and then to *Reveal* 'em:
 Thus runs round the *Jig* of *Politick Whig*,
 Sure *Pardon*, if they do not conceal 'em.

Then inspir'd they bring in for *bad* men of *fin*
 Any one that is *Honest* and *Loyal*:
 but if *Pardon's* deny'd, all flock on *Fitz-fide*,
 To *hector* the *Mercy Royal*.

Thus most men for *fears* dare not for their *ears*
 But *Whig* and his *Rout* to *second*;
 Which if they *refuse*, they're far *worse* than *Jews*,
 And *Papists* or *Traitors* are reckon'd.

And ev'ry poor *Ape* who for *Changes* does *gape*,
 And to be *preferr'd* by the *Party*,
 To help *Good-Old Cause* wide stretches his *Jaws*,
 With *loud Lies* to shew himself *heartty*.

And those *Worthies Three*, *Care*, *Vile* & *Langley*,
 Do publish as fast as they make them:
 The *bring in Print*, signifies something in't,
 And the *Rabble* for *Gospel* mistake them.

Mean.

Meanwhile Pendent laughs, and at Byter scoffs;
 And at's hot-headed Zeal does flout-a;
 The Coxcomb to see thus shaking the Tree,
 While he's ready to gather the Fruit-a.
 Let Papists be hang'd, and Presbyters damn'd,
 And may goggle-ey'd Traytors perish,
 But let true hearts sing, Long live Charles our King,
 The Church and the State to cherish.

Rare Show; Or, The True-Protestant-Procession.
 Tune, The Northumberland-man.

1.
This is the Cabal of some Prot. Lords, [
 A forging the turn that not long since they
 Here W-----ton fitterh, and searcherh Records,
 To find flaws in good Statutes, and varnish the bad.

2.
 This is the Lord Toney that sily sits here,
 Who to sham and contrive has never deny'd;
 And rather than th' Cause shou'd fall thro' his fear.
 He'll let out Rebellion by broaching his side.

3.
 This is popular Perkin that smirks & looks ga
 The women extoll the Spark up to the Sky,
 None danceth with so great a grace, as they say,
 Yet somebody thinks that he capers too high.

4.
 Here flourishing E-----, the Tongue o'th' Gan^r,
 With Rhetorical Artifice fancies fine things;
 First vainly composeth a taking Harangue,
 Then fosters a Villain in Libelling Kings.

5.
 Here's Doctor Informant, that ne'r wou'd stick out
 To traffique in Oaths, or tell a State-lie;

Observe how he firks all the *Jesuits* about,
First *blows on a Beuk*, and so *Papists* God b'we ye.

6.

[sings,

Here's *Wilmore*, that's troubl'd with *scruples* and
His *Citizens* *Conscience* is nice and demure,
A *Traitor's* indicted for *Treas'nable* things;
But he tells you 'tis false, he's a *Protestant* sure.

7.

These are some sage *Citizens* that you see there,
(out of their *Zeal* all our *Rights* to maintain,
to keep out all *Slav'ry*) have taken a care
put up in the *Streets* two *Posts* and a *Chain*.

8.

These are some *Apprentices* still do retain
Some *Tenets* their *Masters* approve and allow;
They come to direct a *wise Monarch* to *Reign*,
'Stead of *sweeping* their *Shop*, and *cleaning* of *Shoe*:

9.

This is the *Committee* where *Grievance* is scann'd,
Which *remonstrates* dangers that threat n the *State*.
Good service is here by *suspicion* trepann'd,
And *Allegiance* is reckon'd *Malignancy* strait.

10.

[refresh

Here's the *Synod* of *Saints*, that will sometimes
The failings of *Nature* with means of their own;
They'll preach you the mortification of *Flesh*
With *Eyes* up to *Heav'n*, and *Breccbes* let down.

11.

These are the *Cabal* of the *Covenantiers*,
That think they maintain the *Religion* the best
By pulling down *Churches* and their *Overseers*,
And routing the *Defender* of *Faith* with the rest.

12.

These are the Remains of the Levelling Rump,
That sink in the House, and fresh Commons annoy;
And lest the right James shou'd be turn'd up Trump,
They cry out, A Court Card will their gaming destroy.

13.

That Lumber of Trumplers buzzing about,
The silly Subscribers that come at first dash,
To make up a large Petitioning-Rout
Of Link-boys, and all such True-Protestant trash.

14.

These there are the Hucksters that Treason retail,
They'll sell you a sheet with a penymorth in't.
That's Courantier Care, that never will fail
To scribble, while Langley dares publish and print.

15.

That's the Club of a pack of ingenious Friends,
That made Charles a Scotch Pedlar in the Race Show.
And I hope that our Monarch, to make 'em amends,
Will give them a Yard of St. Johnstons or two.

The Pot-Companions; Or, Drinking and Smoking
prefer'd before Caballing and Plotting.
Tune, Thus all the day long we're frolick and ga,

Come make a good Toast,
And stir up the Fire,
And fill the great Tankard
of what we admire:
Then bring in a Paper
of excellent Fogoe,
That we may perfume
the whole house with the hogoe.

And here let us sit
 Like honest brave Fellows,
 That neither are *Tories*
 Nor *Whigs* in an Ale-house.
 And here let us sit, &c.

2.

We'll raise no disputes
 Of the Church nor the State,
 To waken the *PLOT*,
 which has slept out its dare ;
 Nor came we to treat
 of the Cities great *Charter*,
 But only to drink
 to the Sons of the Martyr :
 For better it is
 to be honestly Sotting,
 Than live to be hang'd
 For Caballing and Plotting.
 For better it is, &c.

3.

Since Freedom or Death
 Is not in our power,
 What have we to do
 with the Lords in the Tower ?
 We'll leave them to Justice,
 let that take its course,
 And set ev'ry saddle
 upon the right Horse ;
 Though the Witnesses fade,
 and the Plot's almost rotten,
 Yet *Presbyter-Jack*
 will ne'r be forgotten.
 Though the Witnesses fade, &c.

4.

We have nothing to do
with the Feuds of the Nation,
With old *Magna Charta*,
nor the *Association*;

Let *Shal* bury fancy
himself to be crowning,

Or beg his *Quietus*,
and venture a Drowning;

Let *Black-coat* swear on,
and raise up his story:

That's nothing to us,
let the Saints have their glory.

Let *Black-coat* swear on, &c.

5.

Though the *Spaniards* were landed,
which *Bedlam* recounted,

And all the *Commissions*

which *Coat* gave were mounted;

And little *Don John*

did lead these brave Fellows,

The Devil a foot

would we stir from the Ale house:

When they have rais'd Armies
by praying and winking.

'Tis we that maintain them

with Smoking and Drinking,

When they have rais'd Armies, &c.

6.

Then away to the King,

let the Tankard go round;

May the Plots and the Plotters

each other confound:

To His Highness the Duke,

and the Royal Successors,

And

My Member
 oal Addressers ;
 onest Lord Mayor,
 and all other old Christians ;
 at guard us, good Lord,
 from these whining *Philistines*
 o the honest Lord Mayor, &c.

*ully Whig; Or, The poor Whores Lamentation
 r the Apprehending Sir Thomas Armstrong.
 Tune, Ab ! Cruel bloody Fate ! &c.*

1.

Y H ! Cruel bloody *Tom* !
 What could'st thou hope for more,
 an to receive the Doom
 Of all thy Crimes before ?
 or all thy bold Conspiracies
 Thy Head must pay the score ;
 Thy Cheats and Lies,
 Thy Box and Dice,
 Will serve thy turn no more.

2.

Ungrateful thankless Wretch !
 How could'st thou hope in vain
 (Without the reach of *Ketch*)
 Thy Treasons to maintain ?
 For Murders long since done and past,
 Thou Pardons hast had store,
 And yet would'st still
 Stab on, and kill,
 As if thou hop'd'st for more.

3.

Yes *Tom*, e'r he would starve,
 More Blood resolv'd to've spurr'd ;
 Thy

My flight did only serve
 To justify thy Guilt:
 While They whose harmless Innocence
 Submit to Chains at home,
 Are each day freed,
 While Traytors bleed,
 And suffer in their room.

4.
 When *Whigs* a PLOT did Vote,
 What Peer from Justice fled?
 In the FANATICK PLOT
 Tom durst not shew his Head.
 Now Sacred Justice rules above,
 The Guiltless are set free,
 And the Napper's napt,
 And Clapper clapt,
 In his CONSPIRACY.

5.
 Like *Cain*, thou hadst a Mark
 Of Murder on thy Brow;
 Remote, and in the dark,
 Black Guilt did still pursue;
 Nor *England*, *Holland*, *France*, or *Spain*;
 The Traytor can defend;
 He will be found
 In Fetters bound,
 To pay for't in the end.

6.
Tom might about the Town
 Have bully'd, huff'd and roar'd,
 By every *Venus* known,
 Been for a *Mars* ador'd:
 By friendly Pimping, and false Dice,
 Thou might'st have longer liv'd,

Hector

He br'd and sham'd,
And swore and gam'd,
Hadst thou no Plots contriv'd,

7

Tom once was Cock-a-hoop
Of all the Huffs in Town;
But now his Pride must stoop;
His Courage is pull'd down:
So long his Spurs are grown, poor Tom
Can neither fly nor fight;

Ah Cruel Fate!

That at this rate

Squire should foil the Knight

8

now no remedy,

being his just Reward;

own Trap, you see,

is enshar'd;

all Traitors fare, till all

for their Guilt did fly,

With Bully Tom

By timely Doom,

Like Him, unpity'd die.

The

The Jealous Ladies Complaint.
To an Excellent New Tune.

1.

Tell me no more,
There must be something in't;
Think what you swore
When first you did begin't,
That now: but I
Could e'r your heart suffice;
And my Eyes and my Thighs,
How your mind it did surprize:

But now, *You Bitch, you look so lean,*
You damn'd confounded stinking Quean,
Be all the words that I can gain
For my great pain.

2.

Can you forget
The joys you did delight in,
And those great Pleasures
You us'd to spend the night in,
When with sweet Raptures
So close you did embrace,
And your Love us'd to move
In another pretty place;
But now you turn away your head,
And there you lie as tho' you're dead,
And all the joys I had in Bed
Are gone and fled,

ANAGRAM and ACROSTICK

On the Salamanca-Sizer.

TITUS OATS,
adna- } JUST A SOT. } grams.

N Hen Adam proper Names on Beasts conferr'd,
The Salamanca-Doctor was i'th' Herd;
Midwife, she fore-saw 'twon'd prove a Dance,
gave him Name and Character at once:
ch but unfold, and ope again with Art,
Sot and Drunkard lurk in ev'ry part;
of in his Temper thus alone set
it on his Face in Ruby Signet.
It may we doubt the Gospel of a PLOT,
whose chiefest Evidence is JUST A SOT.

AN ACROSTICK

Terror to God, dar'nd Source of Blasphemy,
Infect of Hell, grand Mass of Perjury;
Thorough-pac'd Villain, second unto none,
of Judas, (if by Him out-done;)
atans black Agent, Hells Monopoly
of all thar's called Sin and Villainy;
curst Parent of an Hell-bred Brood,
each of Lies, Spiller of guiltless Blood;
England's dark Cloud, eclipsing all her Glory;
etans Dr'ghr, and Hells Repository.

F I N I S.

